THE MADRAS
Christian College Magazine.

Vol. XX. AUGUST, 1902. No. 2.

THE BEATITUDE OF THE MERCIFUL.

Matthew, v. 7.

It is necessary to distinguish between Pity and Mercy. Pity is a feeling or emotion, something subjective, which need not go farther. Pity is self-sufficing: it is not actively benevolent: it contents itself with feeling sorry for people. It may be something very aloof indeed: not even always kind, sometimes perhaps almost contemptuous. This is the reason why nobody likes to be pitied: feels it like an insult. The pity that is not positively helpful seems to carry with it a sense of superiority which can only humiliate. This kind of pity is not twice blest—nor once. There is no reason to doubt that the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side were sorry for the unfortunate man, but that was all. The Good Samaritan however not only felt pity: he 'showed mercy' as well, which is quite another thing.

Mercy is active, redemptive. The moral nature in this case does not spend itself in emotion but in action. And by a natural law, where there is action there will be as a rule less display at least of feeling. The doctor who is doing what is needful is too busy to give way to his feelings: otherwise he might be incapacitated. Apparently unmoved he is 'showing mercy' all the while.

The Samaritan probably was more matter of fact and unsentimental than Priest and Levite. He was practical and business-like throughout, as witness his brief instructions to the inn-keeper. There is a cheap sympathy that does not deserve the name: if it gets beyond words, it ends with feeling which is soon forgotten. Sympathy properly so-called issues in effective aid to a sufferer, and it may or may not be accompanied with manifestations of tender feeling. That matters little. 'I sympathise.' 'How much do you sympathise?' *i.e.*, Say, in actual help

or what will pay for it. There are persons who are not at all given to the melting mood who are highly sympathetic in the way of doing actual services. And their benevolence may even be done with a more or less assumed brusqueness. They dislike emotional accompaniments. Others are sympathetic so far as kind words and a manifestation of feeling go, but that is all. Their sympathy is sentimental only.

Pity easily becomes sentimental, and a form of selfish pleasure which pretends, however, to be something very much better. The fact is that tender emotion is a pleasurable feeling. It makes one feel good and kind, and is quite a desirable frame of mind. The facts which awake the feeling of pity may be very terrible. Yet the sentimentalist who is moved by them has a very improving experience, he feels. People like to have their feelings stirred. They think well of themselves for being so moved. But it is all on the surface. The sentimentalist generally is rock-hard below. His sympathy is not to be pressed beyond the feeling stage. This hardness is not difficult to explain: it comes of separating two things which God has joined together, Feeling and Action, Pity and Mercy. When feeling becomes an end in itself it becomes a form of pleasure as selfish as any other. It is perverted, and this curious state of things arises: the sentimentalist's pity does no good to those who suffer; but *their* sufferings do him, as he thinks, a great deal of good. He reads about them, and as his pity is stirred he feels the better. The wrong person gets the profit: if he gets any profit, which I do not think. Rather he is hardened, and his character and nature deteriorate.

We encounter at least one sentimentalist in the gospels. Our Lord was telling His hearers whom to invite to their feasts. It was a very practical exhortation. But one man struck in with the not very relevant remark, 'Blessed is he who shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.' Our Lord's reply was the significant parable of the great supper, the invitation to which everybody appeared to accept with gladness. Only when the time came they all with one consent began to make excuse. The meaning was that such as he for all his fair words had as little practical devotion to the kingdom of God, as he had practical interest in the poor, the lame, the blind. And St. James incidentally gives us warning against mere sentiment. 'If a brother or sister be naked, and in lack of daily bread, and one of you say unto them, Go in peace, and be ye warmed and filled; and yet ye give them not the thing

needful to the body; what doth it profit?' The speaker's good words warm his own heart, but not the hearer's body. You know how this is done. We leave the case to other people's charity: we content ourselves with expressing the best of good wishes and hopes. This unnatural divorce between Pity and Mercy must have become a well ascertained fact, when a philosopher of authority could lay down the law in this fashion: 'Tender feeling is by its nature pleasurable, but does not necessarily cause us to seek the good of the object farther than is needful to gratify ourselves in the indulgence of the feeling. It is as purely self-seeking as any other pleasure.' Thus it is, in the present condition of human nature, that a perversion has come to work so naturally that it is formulated as a law.

One of the best illustrations of this matter presents itself in connection with theatre-going. In stage-plays the feelings are usually most powerfully stimulated. Circumstances of pity and terror are enacted before one's eyes and so made real: all the effect of reality is produced and more, for the actors express themselves as the sufferers in some actual tragedy could not; and the play-wright's art develops all manner of moving circumstances which the spectator would not see for himself in real life. And then the good characters are unmixedly good, eliciting without subtraction sympathy and admiration. How poor beside these noble heroes and heroines show ordinary suffering men and women, who have their faults which check our sympathy sometimes, but who need our help none the less. So it comes that the tragedies of real life seem very inferior to those of the stage, so common and vulgar and squalid. We can get all we want on the stage and better, and all without unpleasant and annoying reminders that we are dealing with realities. The unhappy sufferers in the play don't bring their troubles to our doors next day.

Play-goers will tell you with great earnestness and sincerity how much better they felt for the affecting play which they saw. But obviously there is a danger against which to guard—the driving in of the wedge that separates pity from mercy, and the consequent abstraction of benevolent emotion from practice, and giving ourselves up to luxurious enjoyment of our fine feelings.

The same kind of remark applies to those who read novels and little else. There are novels and novels of course, but probably the most valuable are not the most popular. In any case fiction plays upon our affections and sympathies, and should be

kept as an occasional luxury and not made the staple of our mental food. By itself it is not a strengthening diet, but a weakening indulgence. The dangers are the same in kind as those which are associated with the drama, and they lie nearer to us.

Shall I contrast the views of two world-renowned men of the old heathen world on this subject? There was *Buddha*, the Indian Prince who five hundred years B.C., aroused by the spectacle of decrepitude, disease and death, renounced his rank and possessions, and devoted himself in a great and Christ-like compassion for men. He exchanged his princely raiment for the rags of a beggar whom he met on the road, and during forty-four years preached a gospel to the poor which had brought peace to himself. He has millions of followers to-day.

The other is *Aristotle*, the great Greek Philosopher, who had nothing for the poor and ignorant, making his limited appeal only to the learned. Dante calls him the 'Master of those who know.' How thoroughly pagan he is compared with Buddha! His investigation into Ethics or Morals is studied in the Universities to this day. And yet, consider, he despised the common herd. There is no place for Benevolence in his scheme of the virtues, although he does recognise the relations of kind affection which bind men together. He gives a place to liberality and to magnificence which are virtues of the wealthy and great, but these were rather great displays of giving and spending than benevolence. The high-minded man,—Aristotle's paragon,—must be rich and noble, and it will befit him to make grand offerings to the gods, give splendid banquets and equip ships of war, and so forth. Great master as he was, Aristotle overlooked what is to us who have learned of Christ the very simple distinction between selfish and benevolent expenditure. 'Mercy' did not come within his ken. The world with all its wisdom knows not God.

Aristotle's treatment of the emotion of Pity—not of Mercy—is highly suggestive and interesting in this connection. He regarded it as a troublesome feeling, which was calculated to disturb men in the conduct of affairs, as it were a morbid kind of humour which required to be worked off. Pity is not only separated from mercy, but is itself regarded as an irrational kind of sentiment which, if it is tolerated, will make a man unhappy. *We* would say, by all means let it make people unhappy until it stirs them up to active benevolence. That is the way to work not *off*, but *out*, the sentiment of Pity, 'out' in mercy which

brings peace to the conscience, and so is twice blest. But Aristotle has no such idea, he is all for 'working off.' He is very pagan here. The 'high-minded' man is likely to feel hampered in his selfish course by feelings of pity: so the thing to do is to find a vent or safety-valve for them so that they may cease to trouble him in actual life. It is in this connection that Aristotle's famous *dictum* about Tragedy and its uses occurs. He says 'Tragedy purifies the heart by pity and terror.' By this he means just what the modern play-goer or novel-reader means, though these could not have stated the principle so clearly. The sympathetic terrors of the stage or of the novel have the pungency, the excitement, without the pain of the actual emotion. Hence there may be enjoyed a luxury of emotion, which will discharge our tender feelings for the time, and, it may be feared, leave us hard and untroubled by such common-place things as every-day wretchedness and suffering round about us. This certainly was Aristotle's idea. His pagan model must be free from the annoyance of upsetting contact with the misery of men. He would take that out on the stage.

But now turn to our Lord Jesus Christ and to one of our modern men of light and leading, Shakespeare. How the world had changed when Shakespeare could so write not of mere pity as an evil humour, but of mercy.

> "The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest,
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown....
> It is an attribute of God Himself."

That is a different picture from that of the pagan grandee whose happiness it was to be utterly removed from suffering humanity. That is the difference Christ has made. It is a complete revolution in men's way of thinking. He who was greatest came among men as one that served, not to be ministered unto but to minister, even to give his life a ransom for many, and these the ungodly and lost. He has shown us that the greatest is he who serves best, and that the chief good of life is not to be far by keeping aloof from the needs of men but in spending and being spent for them. The best getting we can get is the spirit of Christ which ministers,—the blessed-

ness of becoming conformed to His gracious image and likeness. And here it is well to make one remark, just as we must injure ourselves by selfish indulgence in the pleasures of pity and tender feelings divorced from active mercy, so on the other hand we shall lose the blessing of 'him who gives,' which is the best blessing, if we do not *give ourselves* along with our giving, *i.e.*, if we give unintelligently, uninterestedly, unsympathetically, mechanically, even unwillingly. Remember, it ought to be, as our Lord has Himself promised, 'more blessed to give than to receive.'

And the merciful 'shall obtain mercy.' This is a law of the divine dealing with men. An old Psalmist knew this, who said, "With the merciful Thou wilt show thyself merciful,"* and here our Lord sets his seal to it. And He illustrated the converse in one of His most impressive parables. The unmerciful servant, forgiven his great debt, would not forgive a small one. Accordingly the remission which he had received was cancelled, and the weight of his old debt fell back upon him. God deals with us as we deal with our fellow-men. This truth is also presented on its gracious side, when it is said of our care of the poor, hungry and sick, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me. Come ye blessed, inherit the kingdom.' We are accustomed to pray as we have been taught, saying, 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.' The Revised Version makes it stronger, 'as we have forgiven.' This is our deliberate acceptance of the divine principle, put into our mouths by our Lord Himself.

'Blessed are the merciful,' not simply those who can feel and express pity in language. We may be sure it is no accidental collocation of words which St. James uses, (he who tells us concerning pure religion and undefiled,) in speaking of God: 'The Lord is full of pity, *and merciful.*'

A. S. LAIDLAW.

HINDU HEROINES—RUKMINI.

THE name of RUKMINI—brightest and loveliest of women, angel of goodness, wit and grace,—calls up forgotten impressions of lovely sights, beautiful forms and sweet melodies, and suggests bright and gay fancies of youth, happy thoughts of love, high aspirations of hope and visions of delight. For she is the very

* Ps. 18-25.

incarnation of love, happy and joyous love, unsullied by grief and "untouched by time's rude hand." All around and within Rukmini is the realm of pure poetry. Though we see the forms and habits of society exhibited in her conversation and conduct, yet the brightness of youth and halo of love so irradiate the "palpable realities of every-day existence," that the natural seems to blend into the ideal.

The story of *Rukmini Kalyanam* is narrated in the tenth canto of *Bhagavatam.* Rukmini is a princess, beauteous in form and radiant with the splendour of youthful freshness and animated with the bright realities of joyous hope. The only daughter among five sons of Bhishmaka, king of Vidharbha, we can well imagine her to have been the magnetic centre of attraction for the lavishment of all love in the domestic circle. All the attention that tender care and princely riches can bestow was hers. All the happiness that can be derived from congenial companionship and environment was hers. All the wealth of parental and filial love and the loyal affection of the people was hers. Brought up in an atmosphere of love and devotion, surrounded by beauty and refinement, she must have been a dainty creature of delicate grace and purity of mind. Adored by her parents, happy in her companions, contented with her pleasant occupations, life for her must have been one glad song as sweet as the melodies of birds in spring-time. But the smooth and even tenor of her life was suddenly disturbed by news from without. Travellers, who frequented her father's court, often dilated upon the praises of Krishna, the then reigning king of Dwarkapuram, but in reality the incarnation of Vishnu. Perceiving the beauty and grace of the Princess Rukmini, they waxed more eloquent in their adulation, and decreed, as only the restless tongue of gossip can, that only these two were worthy of one another. This must have created in Rukmini's mind at first only a feeling of bashful wonder whether such a union would indeed be really possible. But by degrees she found herself dwelling upon the subject more often than was good for her peace of mind. Fancies took form and shape. Love, the all-powerful, the all-mysterious, had touched her heart. That influence, "which creates all things new, which is the dawn in one of music, poetry and art, which makes the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments," permeated her being. She lived in a delightful world of her own. Nature seemed bright with consciousness.

Every flower and tree and shrub in her pleasure garden appeared intelligent to her. The songs of the birds seemed pæans of joy; and thus Rukmini in her garden seemed like "Eve in that enchanted paradise." But love's young dream received a rude shock. Her parents and the counsellors, though unaware of Rukmini's secret love for Krishna, were willing to give her in marriage to him, but Rukmi, the eldest son and heir-apparent, out of unreasonable hatred towards Krishna, gave his fiat that Sisupala, king of Chadiland and constituted enemy of Krishna, should wed his sister. Oh! how hateful to her must have been this attitude of him who otherwise was all love towards her. The marriage preparations began apace, and soon all was haste and bustle. But the bride elect was miserable, though to all outward appearance she was the same as of yore. It has been said justly by a well-known writer that "a woman's affections, however strong, are sentiments when they run smooth; and become passions only when opposed." Hence the distant dream of love became a living reality and a deep and absorbing passion in Rukmini. Overborne by the weight of her love, she resolved to bring matters to a crisis. Through a friendly Brahmin, one whom she believed to be honest and sincere, and thus fit for her mission, she conveyed a secret message to Krishna of the strength of her love and devotion to him, and a request to rescue her from the intended hateful union with one whom she compared to a fox in the presence of the king of the forest. Her anxious apprehension at a possible failure suggested a practical scheme for rescue, which though romantic was yet possible to a brave warrior, such as Krishna was, whose prowess and courage were far famed. But the fearless courage which had prompted the message soon gave place to anxious doubt and maidenly shame of her forwardness. "Will he despise my message or accept it? Will he come, and if he does, how can he hope to rescue me in the face of such strong opposition? Will my scheme prove feasible?" Such were the wild thoughts that coursed through the bewildered brain of the poor girl. The excitement and restlessness increased to such an extent that she could not settle down to any of her usual occupations. Her light tasks and amusements became things of the past. She seemed careless of her appearance and indifferent to her companions. She neglected her pets. The pretty parrots and graceful swans were no longer fed by their mistress' loving hand. The rare flowers delighted her no more. As the poet pithily

remarks: "Even the very moonlight was a torture to her." But her unhappiness was short-lived. Pleasure is not half so sweet until the element of pain creeps in. Hence Rukmini's happiness was all the keener after her experience of anxious doubt when the Brahmin returned as the harbinger of good news. Krishna, overjoyed with the message, had accepted it with eager pleasure, and undaunted by the difficulties and dangers was resolved undertake the bold attempt at rescue, like the gallant and warrior prince he was.

The interval of waiting passed quickly for all parties—for Rukmini in joyful expectation and half-anxious doubt, because it is hard to realise joy unless it is actually experienced; for the king and people in the bustle of grand preparations; for Krishna in amused cogitations of the future event, for, by the power in him, he knew what would happen on the marriage day.

At last the auspicious day drew near. The city had been enchanted into a fairy land. The magnificent façades of the marble palaces were hung with gleaming rows of orient pearl and lambert ruby, while the humbler houses were adorned with garlands and festoons of beautiful flowers. The city gardens and pleasure-grounds of the palaces were one mass of green foliage studded with many-coloured flowers, amid which the dulcet symphonies of rippling streams and "haunting music" charmed the ear even of the unwary. Clouds of sweet incense lent their perfume to the breeze at every turn. In the city sandalwood water was sprinkled in the streets, while all available spaces at the gates and porches of the houses were adorned with variegated camphor powders arranged in harmonious mosaic work. The streets were thronged with gay crowds of men and women dressed in their best; and at every corner the clash of cymbals and the blasts of trumpets proclaimed the rejoicing of the people. Kings and courtiers with their retinue of servants, with their chariots, elephants, horses, richly caparisoned, eagerly responded to the invitation of King Bhishmaka, and flocked to the city. Sacrificial fires were lighted, and other ceremonies such as the feeding of Brahmins and the exchange of gifts followed in quick succession.

On the day previous to the auspicious hour of the ceremony Krishna and his brother arrived at the city, to all appearance as wedding-guests, but none knew the real intent of Krishna's arrival except the parties concerned. When Bhishmaka found out that Krishna had condescended to grace with his presence

the marriage of his daughter, his joy was unbounded, and he extended to them a hearty and princely welcome. The people on beholding the handsome features and commanding presence of Krishna waxed loud in their acclamations of praise and in their wish that he had been the bridegroom.

And now matters reached a crisis. Just before the performing of the chief ceremony, the bride, according to custom, was sent to worship the presiding goddess of the family. In this case the temple dedicated to the goddess happened to stand outside the city; and thither proceeded Rukmini, fair in her bridal array, attended by a suitable retinue. Her vows paid, the ceremony over, and obeisance made to the Brahmin priests and their wives, who invoked Heaven's richest blessings on her, she emerged from the dusky temple, out of the "dim religious light," like a flash of lightning from thick clouds, her youthful beauty and grace charming and unnerving the kings and princes, who had formed a passage for her. Rukmini with tell-tale eyes cast anxious side-looks to discover the object of her affections, and to her joy soon discovered him as he stood towering above the rest with a halo of divine presence. Krishna true to the appointment, with the ease and celerity of an eagle pouncing on its prey, descended from his regal chariot and contemptuously regarding the assembled crowd of princes, swiftly bore away the princess, and depositing the precious burden in his chariot, immediately directed his steps towards his own domain, followed by his brother and retinue. In a moment all was confusion. Peace fled before tumult. Krishna was attacked on all sides by the outraged princes. The clash of weapons, the roaring of wounded elephants, the rumbling of chariots, the angry voices of the combatants, mingled with the cries of the wounded, transformed the previously quiet streets into the bloody battle-field. But soon the struggle ended. In triumph Krishna carried away the beautiful princess. The disappointed bridegroom retired, the defeated warriors retreated; but Rukmi, undaunted by the reverse of his friends, and strong in his implacable hatred towards Krishna, followed close on his enemy's chariot wheels. Roused to wrath by his abuse and assault, Krishna would have made an end of him, but Rukmini threw herself at her husband's feet, and earnestly pleaded for her brother's life. Krishna stayed his hand, but contented himself with making a laughing-stock of Rukmi by shaving his beard and moustache on one side only. Thus the conflict

closed, and Krishna led away Rukmini from the scene of war to his own fair palace, where amid much rejoicing the interrupted marital ceremony with a change of bridegrooms was performed under favourable auspices and with many choice blessings. There we leave Rukmini happy and contented with her lot to be the light and sunshine of her husband's home, a blessing to his people, and a stronghold of protection to the poor and weary.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," says the poet, and to me such has always been the character of Rukmini. The extreme simplicity of her nature, her frank disposition combined with her exceeding loveliness constitute a beautiful picture. As usual, love forms the groundwork of the poem, but only one aspect of it is treated of. The love that is so patient and enduring in Sita, so devoted and all-forgiving in Damayanti, so fervent and faithful in Savitri, seems in Rukmini to be invested with an aerial grace and tender loveliness. The moment that love stirred her heart, she yielded herself up entirely to its influence. It became the essence of her being, the "soul within her soul," the lifeblood to her heart, "blending with every atom of her frame."

Everything around Rukmini seems full of "youth and youth's sweet prime." She is as fresh as the rose washed with dew, as sweet as the half-blown lily, and as delicate as the elf that lingers among them. Her girlish inexperience and warm-heartedness, the glowing imagination of the oriental, and the romantic spirit of the gorgeous East, caused her to be led to the very heights of passion, but the sweetness of her disposition, her generosity and perfect grace endear her to us, and win our love. Rukmini and Krishna display the encounter of two natures readily inclined to love, and with that innate suitability to each other which make some unions appear as if they were predestined. A single whisper of a thoughtless rumour had joined two hearts in a moment for ever, "eager against every obstacle and desperate against every reverse." They were both young and as expectant of love as "the new-born eye of light." They lived under the glowing sun, which seems to warm into beauty all objects it rests on, and which appeared to have lent some of its rosy glow to their young hearts. Both were thoroughly at one, and love's sweet dream would have naturally attained its perfect end, had it not been for the disturbing interference of Rukmi.

To Rukmini's vivacious imagination I would attribute the

first awakenings of love. It was this, which, by meditating on a transient rumour, caused her to be led into passionate affection. It was this which took the law into its own hands, and made all smooth for Krishna's arrival. The message which she sent Krishna through the Brahmin is eloquent with rich imagery. In the interval of waiting for the messenger's return, we find the "same shaping spirit of imagination" heaping together all images of doubt and despair. Yet we see that her romantic imagination is kept in check by her intellectual and moral power. It was her intelligence which concerted the scheme for her rescue. Had she been a weak love-sick girl instead of the strong-minded maiden she was, she would have submitted to circumstances, and another broken heart would have been the result. But, instead, she dared the anger of her parents and the disgrace that would have been reflected on her maidenly reserve, if her scheme had been detected before it was ripe for execution. It was her determination and strength of mind which kept her up to play her usual *rôle*. The strain on her mind caused by anxiety must have been very great, but she did not seek consolation or sympathy from her companions or even from her dear mother. This shows the force of her will, her indomitable resolution and courage. Such in fact is the child-like simplicity and loveliness of Rukmini's character that we are not at first aware of its depth and complexity, which proclaim her to have been a true woman. Is it of much wonder then that Krishna's heart went out at once to the beautiful courageous girl, who decided to act according to the dictates of her affections, and whose far-famed beauty and grace had already made him a willing victim?

Perhaps it may be remarked that the wooing was not what it should be, because it was entirely on Rukmini's side. But consider the circumstances in this particular case, and censure her not too much. She is deeply in love; she has no one to help her; she is being hurried into a marriage with one whom she loathes. In this dilemma she acts for herself. She rather prefers to throw herself for forgiveness and forbearance upon the tenderness of him whom she loves than trust herself to the hands of one for whom she has no respect or regard. Yet, even then, even after the irrevocable step has been taken, her womanly modesty is up in arms. She had firmly enough despatched her messenger; but no sooner is he gone than a thousand doubts oppress her, and a tempest of fears assails her. "Will he think me unmaidenly?

Will he despise me for being forward? Have I lost my self-respect?" are the anxious questions that surge through her mind. But after a while, the native nobility of her heart and the true impulses of her affectionate nature win the victory. Her hesitation and maiden fears become first absorbed, then ignored, and finally lost and forgotten in the resistless current of her trusting love. Absolutely confident in her choice, even in the face of disappointment, she would still have bravely answered like Savitri:—"Whether his years be few or many, be he gifted with all grace or graceless, him my heart hath chosen, and it will not choose again." Strong in the depth of her love, she stilled her heart in calm complacency, for she felt that she could have said with Juliet:—

> "My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
> My love as deep; the more I give to you
> The more I have—for both are *infinite*."

How beautiful a portrait is this of the young loving heart, whose aspirations are unconfined by limitations and whose affections are as boundless at the broad ocean. For "what was to hinder the thrilling tide of pleasure, which had just gushed from her heart, from flowing on without stint or measure, but experience, which she was yet without? What was to abate the transport of the first sweet sense of pleasure, which her heart had just tasted, but indifference, to which she was yet a stranger? What was there to check the ardour of hope, of faith, of constancy, just rising in her breast, but disappointment, which she had never yet felt?"

I have always imagined Rukmini to have been of a bright and buoyant nature. It is a characteristic of youth, for there are no aspirants more sure of success than the young, who, strong in their own confiding trustfulness of heart, look with unflinching eyes towards the rising sun. As Mrs. Jameson has finely said:—"A disposition to doubt, to suspect, and to despond in the young, argues in general some inherent weakness, moral or physical, or some miserable and radical error of education." Rukmini's brightness and cheerfulness are the outcome of her hopeful nature. Her sanguine spirit retained its elasticity, because it had been untouched by sorrow. As a child, her light-hearted gaiety and sunny disposition must have made her like a cherub in the courtly halls of her father's palace. As a maiden, love assisted by hope having triumphed, she must have been an "angel of light" in her husband's home.

Her passionate delight on hearing the good news from her messenger makes us feel that, though her sanguine spirit had resolutely set aside the flutterings of doubt, disappointment would have led to deep consequences. Her feeling of gratitude towards the messenger is so great that, though a princess, she does not seek to reward him with paltry presents of jewels or money, but in simple heartfelt and thankfulness shows her gratitude in reverent obeisance. Here we see the dignity of a princess and the innate delicacy of a true woman. Though Rukmini is a princess of the royal blood, yet we somehow do not imagine her to have been bound or limited by the trappings of state. She was not called upon to "lord it o'er a fair mansion," and take upon her the mantle of state, like the "all-accomplished" Draupadi; but to bask in the sunshine of love and be caressed by his fair attendants. She was not called upon to suffer the string of unfounded doubt and cruel suspicion as was the gentle Sita, but to revel in a "feasting presence full of light." She was not called upon to endure poignant affliction, or show despairing fortitude, like Damayanti or Savitri, but to "murmur among living brooks a music sweeter than their own."

Rukmini is of a generous and magnanimous nature. We can imagine the feeling of horror and self-accusation that must have taken hold of her, when, safe in the chariot of her chosen lord, she saw the bloodshed around, and felt herself to be the cause of it all. Her womanly pity must have welled up at the sight and even the unkindness she had suffered would never have wished for such a retribution. She eagerly tries to make amends. Stung to the quick by the vile abuse of Rukmi, Krishna would have torn him piece-meal had it not been for the intervention of Rukmini. With streaming eyes and trembling mien, with heaving breast and stammering utterances, she prays for her brother's life. She acknowledges his fault and can only rest for forgiveness on the generosity of her lord. She entreats Krishna to consider her parents, and not to mar their joy in having the god of gods for a son-in-law, by killing their eldest son; and finally with timid delicacy, she begs his life even for the sake of the love she bears her husband. Her petition rises to Krishna "like a strain of poetry, which comes over the soul like music and fragrance mingled," like the intoxicating perfume of sweet incense. Rukmi is forgiven and set free. But the bride's heart is still sore for the death of her kinsfolk on her account. But the brother of

Krishna comforts her with maxims of philosophy. He recognises her intellectual power, and begs her not to grieve like an uneducated woman, but to console herself with the calm assurances of the philosophers and the profound utterances of the sages. Sweet consolation indeed for the weary human heart!

The fact that the love of Rukmini and Krishna stands alone in the poem, makes it all the more striking. A secondary attachment is placed beside it, but the cold wooing of Sisupala shows dulness of sympathy and deadness of affection. The calculating Rukmi though he loved his sister, is yet ambitious for her on his own account. King Bhishmaka seems to be a good old man, but is entirely under the control of his eldest son. Hence, the bright and sanguine temperaments of the lovers appear all the more brilliant for the contrast. The pure and self-devoted affection of Rukmini, and the equally passionate ardour of Krishna, "blend at the same time all the faculties of mind and body into most harmonious exercise, make perception poetical and imagination resolute, combine grace and tenderness with all that is most manly and all that is most and truly feminine with persistency and will."

The last incident described in the poem is dreadful as well as fascinating. It has often been noticed that misfortunes hover around the best and most beautiful and what is more swoop down on them with unmitigated severity in the hour of their pleasure. So it was with Rukmini. At the moment of the fulfilment of the wish of her heart, she is made to taste of the dregs of bitterness caused by the death or disgrace of some of her dear ones. The conflict must have been a severe trial to her. In the midst stood the youthful warrior Krishna, like a spirit of destruction, with death flying in his every winged arrow, while the beautiful princess appeared like a sweet pitying angel by his side. The sudden transformation from peace to war, the angry exclamations of the baffled warriors, the piteous cries of the wounded, the horror of the gaping citizens, the consternation of the astonished parents, and perhaps the shy rejoicing of the frightened maidens, make us pause for a moment with suspended feelings at the sudden shock. But a welcome diversion, which gives us an excuse to smile, is created by the blubbering advice given by some friends to the disappointed bridegroom, sore with the loss of his bride, and angry with the victory of his enemy. "Save your life," they said, "you can have only one life, but many wives. If

you escape whole with your life, you can get another bride." As Lloyd justly remarks:—"It is thus by completing the picture of society in all directions, the intellectual, fanciful, animated and irritable, sentimental and sympathetic, and the opposites and negatives of all, and in all grades of the social order, that a living reality is gained for ideal and poetic Love, and notwithstanding its exaltation it descends to us and embraces us invincibly, and the sympathies cling fearlessly and believingly to a glory that is bright with beams from Paradise, yet so accompanied and associated as neither to scare us as a phantom alluring to destroy, nor mock us with hopelessness of a beauty that can never be achieved."

It is pleasing to note that Rukmini and Damayanti are descendants of the same royal line. Both are alike in the exuberance of romantic imagination and in the depth and strength of their love, yet their portraiture is different; Rukmini is drawn with more aerial grace and delicacy, and Damayanti with more depth and force of character. I remember one evening in summer standing at the summit of a high hill. At my feet the picturesque little town nestled in the hill-slope. All around me the mountains stood in rigid grandeur, some blue and some purple in the varying tints of light, while the mist in its fleecy whiteness hung over the parched plains like a bridal veil, and the faint perfume of flowers and the music of trickling streams and gurgling waterfalls completed the intoxication of the senses. But as I looked up from earth to sky, the bright sun glanced forth from behind a bank of dark clouds, and at the same time a beautiful rainbow formed a triumphal arch over the purple hills. As I looked, it seemed to me that as was the warm, glowing sun to the delicate, aerial rainbow, such was the character of Damayanti to that of Rukmini.

H. R. KRISHNAMMA.

MANIKKA-VAÇAGAR.

THE SAIVITE POET-SAINT.

IN studying such a subject as the life and teaching of Mânikka-Vâçagar two distinct methods are open to us, the one critical, the other practical. To attempt the former would require that we should examine the sources of our information concerning the sage's life, that we should fix the period during which he lived,

that we should determine, by wide and careful study, the sources, immediate and secondary, of his illumination, and then that we should address ourselves to an exhaustive and painstaking study of his writings and the teaching which these embody, having reference throughout to the usages of the period to which the poet belonged and the system which he represented. The life and work of Mânikka-Vâçagar would well repay all such pains; but the purpose and scope of this paper must of necessity be of a more humble and limited, though perhaps not less useful, nature. Our aim is practical, and our method must be on the whole popular. It would be impossible in a short paper to present a complete and final view of the author of the Tiruvaçagam; but it is possible to map out briefly the ground over which a student of his life and doctrine must of necessity travel; it is possible to review the outstanding and accepted features of his life and writings and to ask what lessons these teach us.

The first question that meets us is that of dates. When did Mânikka-Vâçagar live? To what period do his writings belong? And the best answer that can be given is hardly more than conjecture. Dr. Pope, by far the greatest authority on the subject, is curiously uncertain and self-contradictory, placing him in one part of his book as early as the seventh century of the Christian era, while in another he assigns him a place somewhere in the tenth century. Hindu editors on the other hand, influenced doubtless by the common sentiment of the country, that ever associates authority and worth with antiquity, would place him as early as the beginning of the era. Mr. K. G. Sesha Aiyar in an interesting article in this magazine has tried to prove that Mânikka-Vâçagar lived in the middle of the fourth century, but his argument is far more ingenious than convincing. His premises are hardly more than assumptions, and his conclusions are at the best brave conjectures. It is an admitted fact that Mânikka-Vâçagar stands at the head of a long list of great names whom Saivites venerate as those of the founders of the Siddhânta system, among whom are Appar, Tiru-Gnanasambandhar, and Umâpathi-Çivâçâriyar. Mânikka-Vâçagar's priority to these is not disputed; but when Mr. Sesha Aiyar asserts on the authority of the late Professor Sundaram Pillay that Tiru-Gnanasambandhar had attained to such celebrity in the middle of the seventh century as to induce Sankara Achârya, who lived in the eighth century to mention him by the honorific title of "Drâvidu sisu," and when from that large

assumption he manoeuvres back by centuries until he succeeds in placing his hero in the middle of the fourth century, we confess that we fail to follow him. In the whole mass of dates submitted to us there are only two that may be accepted with any degree of certainty. The first places Sankara Āchârya in the middle of the eighth century, and the other, with greater precision and certainty, places the great commentator of the Saiva-siddhânta system—Umâpathi-Çivâchâriyâr—in the early part of the fourteenth century, giving 1313 as the date of the publication of his most famous work. It is practically certain that the author of the Vâçagam was later than the great Vedântist commentator and dialectician, and it is even more certain that he was several centuries before Umâpathi, the great exponent of the system of which Mânikka-Vâçagar was one of the first apostles. Nearer than this it is for the present difficult to get, and after all we are brought to the extended period included in Dr. Pope's somewhat uncertain dates; *viz.*, any time between the middle of the eighth and the middle of the tenth centuries.

What is far more important than the date of our author is the question of the religious and intellectual influences that surrounded him and lent themselves in one way or another to the moulding of his life and thought; and here we are left in less uncertainty. There is no doubt whatever that the poet lived at a time when the worship of Siva had been threatened by the inroads of Buddhism and Jainism in the Southern Kingdom, and there is also little doubt that these alien and heretical forces had reached and passed their height before Mânikka-Vâçagar lived and wrote. Just as in the New Testament the Epistle to the Colossians, for instance, bears between every line testimony to the character of the false teaching which had invaded and threatened the life of the Church in Colossae, so not only the legends of our sage, but the whole body of his poems bears witness to the character of the heresies and religious abuses to which he opposed with great force his whole life and doctrine. Foremost among the former we find the negative and destructive doctrine of the Buddhists, while among the latter we find the idle and often injurious temple ceremonials of his day, in which prostitution and processions of women of loose character were already becoming a crying evil. So much for the forces to which the sage opposed himself. Among those that contributed to his faith and doctrine we must place the

whole body of the Saiva legends as he found them, as also the teaching of the Vedânta and the Bhagavat-Gîtâ. His system is an advance in many particulars on the latter, but the Vedânta and the legends are ever behind the author; he elevates and spiritualises almost all that he touches, but in all he is the orthodox Saivite. Whether or not he was influenced by any distant echo of Christian doctrine it is impossible to say. The question, though one of great critical and historical interest, is for practical purposes one of very secondary importance, when we remember that there is no human heart to which the Spirit of God has not access, seeing that He is the light that lighteth every man coming into the world. We may not be able to tell, of every rivulet of truth that crosses our path, by what channels it has flowed, or on what high hills its waters were caught and gathered, but we know the hidden source where the spring is of every stream of truth that has ever watered the parched plains of our human life. If there be anything true in Mânikka-Vâçagar's poems, if there be anything beautiful in his life, these we accept as having their source in God, by whatever channels of thought or suggestion they may have reached the poet's mind and heart.

All that is known and of any importance in the external facts of Mânikka-Vâçagar's life may soon be told. He was born in the village of Vâthavûr near Madura; he was a Brâhmin by caste, and was apparently brought up strictly in the doctrines and discipline of an orthodox worshipper of Sivan. The fame of his learning and genius is said to have reached the ear of the king, (Arimarttanar), who conceived a vehement affection for him, and made him his prime minister, giving him the title of Tennavan-Brahma-Râyan. But his genius was not to find satisfaction in the preferment he had obtained. He had been from his youth up a diligent student of the Agamas, and of all orthodox Saivite lore, and, surrounded by the splendour of the royal court, he continued to hunger for enlightenment and the offices of a perfect guru. At length Sivan is pleased to reveal himself to him as the perfect divine Teacher, and without hesitation Mânikka-Vâçagar forsakes all and follows him. Those things that were gain to him he counted loss for the excellency of a new and higher ideal. Clad in lowly garb, and carrying a beggar's bowl, he went forth from the king's court and from the king's service to be henceforth the bondservant of a higher than he; and from that day to the end of

his life he owned no master but God, as he thought of him and knew him, the supreme One, Siva Perumân. He seems to have wandered for a time from shrine to shrine worshipping his Master; but finally settled in Chidambaram, the sacred Tillai, where the greater part of his life was spent, and the best of his poems written. To him and to many more this shrine was the favourite abode of Sivan and the very centre of the universe.

Such are the bald facts of his life, so far as they can be ascertained; it is however with his spiritual history that we are chiefly concerned, and this is written, not so much in the legends that have gathered about his name, as on the face and in the heart of his poems. These are to a great extent hymns of the heart, and have the merit of being often unconsciously autobiographical. As gathered both from the legends and from the hymns his spiritual history is remarkable for its resemblance to that of many of the great Christian saints. Not indeed that his faith or his experience could in form be identical with theirs, rooted as it was in an entirely different metaphysical system, and directed by entirely different moral sanctions, if such an idea as that of moral sanctions can be said to have ever occurred to the poet. For all this his undoubted moral history conforms most strikingly to the Christian type in that it gives us the same well marked steps of progress from darkness to light, from bondage to freedom; and there is in it such an approximation to Christian experience and Christian expression as, outside the Saivâ Siddhanta system, is hardly to be found in the whole range of Hindu literature.

We begin with him at the court of Arimarttanar, where the legends state that the corruption of the court touched him not, but where his time was spent in pondering the sacred writings that enshrine the Saivite faith, his mind filled with all pity and all tenderness for the suffering souls around him. Very different is the account he gives in the hymns of this period of his life.

"Thus was I born into the sad sea of the afflictive life;
Then during each year as it met me
I gained and hoarded gains. How varied was my life!
Morning's routine, hunger at noontide hour, and night
For sleep. In journeys oft I lived.
Jet-black locks, and crimson lips, and radiant smiles were hers.
Into love's sea I plunged.
In the wide mart where worldlings toil
I lived, still slave of fierce desires."—(Pope, pages 32, 33).

Or if the Sage's authorship of this poem be doubtful, as Dr. Pope seems to think, we quote the following from poems the authorship of which is not questioned.

> " In pleasures false I plunged and sank deep down,
> Each day of earthly prosperous joy, I thought it true,
> And thus enslaved I lay."—(POPE, p. 150.)

> " To " birth " and " death " that cling to man I gave no thought; and uttering merest lies, went on my way.
> By eyes of maids with flowing jet-black locks disturbed, with passion filled, enslaved I lay."—(POPE, p. 310).

> " Me whirled about 'mid ' caste ' and ' clan ' and ' birth ' and sore perplexed,
> Vile helpless dog—he made his own,—all sorrows rooting out." (POPE, p. 266).

These and numerous other passages in his poems show all too plainly what manner of life was Mânikka-Vâçagar's before the grace of God ' sought him, singled him out, and saved him,' as he himself would put it. The evil that was in him was his master, and he, as he never forgot in after life, was a bond-servant to sin. The power of evil, strong in man, assumes not the same form, and finds not the same expression in all ; the sin to which the author of the Vâçagam was most subject, or at any rate the sin for which his conscience most rebuked him in after life, was unchastity, slavish obedience to low sensual passion. When his eyes were opened, and his stony heart (கல்லைநெஞ்சம்) was softened by the grace of Sivan, it was the sight and the sense of this sin chiefly that smote him and filled him with horror. In the metaphysical system which Mânikka-Vâçagar accepted, and from which he never departed, there was no room as we shall hereafter see for " sin" as a concept in our Western sense, and it would be easy to argue that from the very foundations of his belief anything like a conception of sin would be impossible to him, but the heart in man answers not always to the intellect, being a law unto itself ; the heart and conscience of Mânikka-Vâçagar were greater than his creed, and his poems bear ample witness that from the hour of his " enlightenment " he looked back continually, with a sense of regret and loathing, to the shame and sin of his youth. The vileness and self-deception of his old sensual life were ever a sting in his memory, a biting bitter reproach to him. " Wallowing in mire and filth," " held in the bonds of darkness," " tossed by the fierce waves of passion," " dog that I was," " meaner than any dog,"—these are among the vigorous expressions in

which he seeks to voice the horror that he felt at his former life. In expressions such as these allowance must, to be sure, be made for the views of sin held undoubtedly by Mânikka-Vâçagar, views which associate sin with the body and the five senses exclusively, regarding it as an essential taint of the embodied state; yet when all such allowance has been made he would be dull of ear indeed who did not catch once and again in the poet's utterances a note of regret for acts and habits which he felt to be separating him from God. In the wail of his penitent hymns we hear at times the echo of a greater voice;—"Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me out of the body of this death?" Far apart indeed are the conceptions of sin embodied in the two confessions, the Apostle Paul's and Mânikka-Vâçagar's, but surely it is the witness of a common divine voice within them that has made them one in this, that they can neither tolerate, nor of themselves remove, the body of darkness and evil that clings to them and separates them from God.

Turning to the transition and crisis which made of such a sinner the saint which Mânikka-Vâçagar in after life became, we find that the steps of his progress, the features of the change through which he passed, again correspond strikingly to the Christian type. The legends of his youth set him before us as an ardent seeker after truth, yearning for the true guru who would teach him the mystery of the "Five Letters," and "The Way of Release." "As tiny winged creatures go from flower to flower through every grove" he sought out and held converse with the professors of every Saivite School, saying within his soul, "where shall I find the spotless guru who can expound to me the mysteries of the Âgamas?" His hymns too bear witness to a state of weariness, perplexity and trouble, the hunger and unrest of soul through which God has ever led honest lowly hearts to rest in Him. Mânikka-Vâçagar speaks oft of his sense of loneliness, and the helplessness of his condition when the guru found him, of his sense of bondage to and his desire to find a way where no way was, "with sorrow ever clinging round."

> "I, lonely, tost by billows broad of anguish sore,
>   on the great 'sea of birth,' with none to aid;
> Disturbed by winds of mouths roseate like ripened fruit,
>   lay caught in jaws of the sea-monster lust!
> Henceforth what way to 'scape? I frequent cried! then thought,
>   and seized the raft of thy 'five letters'! So to me,
> O Primal One, thou show'dst a boundless fertile shore,
>   and made the rash insensate one Thine own!"

The above quotation is from the third decade of the fifth poem in Pope's edition, in which the poet sets forth at length the "varying phases of enthusiasm." The poem is no mere description of an imaginary or typical life, but a vivid portrait of the light and shade, the storm and calm, through which the writer himself had travelled. And we get in such a verse as the above a glimpse not only of the mire and clay out of which his life had been lifted, but of the struggle also through which he had attained the light and safety to be found only in the presence of God, of whom he is never tired of crying in joyous wonder, "He came, and while my soul dissolved, in love made me his own." In his case as in all others since the world began, God was found of the restless seeking heart.

What form the struggle for freedom took in Mânikka-Vâçagar's case it will never be possible to say; the simple truth is not only enshrined, but often buried, beneath the gorgeous figures of speech in which the poet habitually indulges; but this much is clear, that the struggle was in his case moral rather than mental. All his references to the past connect his sorrow and perplexity and loneliness with his sin, and, if the truth must be told, with lust, which was his besetting sin. The habits into which he had fallen were probably in his day as in the present day all too common, but there was that in him which condemned and cried out against the habits to which he had become a slave; he arose judge and witness together against himself, and his poor polluted soul lay condemned and abhorred at the bar of his own judgment, while he could only cry, "Dog, sinner that I am, henceforth what way to escape?" In this condition the poet's surroundings were to say the least, unkindly. The atheistic Buddhists of his time, the Jains and the Logayatâns, (materialists or atheists), were to him, as to all devout worshippers of Sivan, an abhorrence, but the orthodox sects were hardly more helpful to him in his soul trouble, for we find him complaining against each in turn, and when he had seen the light and followed it, exchanging the robes of high office for rags and a beggar's bowl, he was counted even among his own people for a mad-man. Against the foolish sectaries that surrounded him he utters a bitter cry in the beautiful திருக்கோத்தும்பி, the 10th in Pope's edition.

"Those gods are gods indeed,"—These others are
the gods men wrangling say; and thus
False gods they talk about, and rant and rave
upon this earthly stage. And I
No piety could boast; that earthly bonds
might cease to cling, to Him I clung!"

What outward conditions lay around him and occasioned his conversion it is impossible to determine. The legend of the mission to Peranturei, and the miraculous appearance of Sivan to him under the Kurunth tree in the guise of a gracious guru and surrounded by 999 of his disciples presents a picture which in some of its features strikingly resembles the outward condition attending and occasioning the conversion of the Apostle Paul. We believe firmly that God has ever been found of those who truly sought Him, and we do not for a moment deny that outside the pale of Christian and Hebrew history true Theophanies are possible, even probable; nevertheless we are unable to accept the legend of Peranturei, partly because of the grotesque elements that form so large a part in it, but far more because of the distinctly immoral character of the transactions ascribed in the legend both to Mânikka-Vâçagar and to Sivan. No amount of juggling can make Mânikka-Vâçagar's disposal of the king's treasure, and Sivan's acceptance of the same, or the deception practised on the king in the matter of the horses, appear less or better than dishonesty. In the face of this view the frequent reference of the poems to Peranturei, and to some such series of occurrences there as the legends relate creates a difficulty which it is by no means easy to solve.

On the other hand, whatever we may ultimately decide concerning the legends and the particular form in which he received his visions of God, we have the witness of every poem that Mânikka-Vâçagar ever wrote, that the stress and strain of his youth issued in a crisis, in a spiritual and moral revolution, which we cannot but call his conversion. If we believe his own words his experience was no gradual attainment to a moral life as the result of his own unwearied effort. He was a bond-servant to sin, held down in chains of darkness, until a certain hour struck, when his "bond" was suddenly broken, his chain fell off, and he was free. We call this his conversion, and in its broad outlines the poet's experience bears striking resemblance to those sudden and wonderful changes of heart and life which Christians of all creeds rejoice to call by the same name. Like the Apostle Paul, or the beloved John, Mânikka-Vâçagar remembered to his dying day the place and the hour when the great change came to him, while under figures of rich and varied beauty he never wearied of setting it forth, "that all the world might hear." Before all things his conversion had been to him the dawn of a new light on his

dark troubled spirit, the revelation to him of the one true God whom it was hard for even the other gods to know.

> " To Hari and to Brahma and to other gods
> Not manifested, Sivan came in presence there,
> Melted our hearts, received our service due;...........
> .... The Light Supernal saved
> And made me his. Soon as the new pure light was given
> How I in bliss was lost ! "...................... (POPE, p. 153)

> " Even in a dream his jewelled feet 'tis hard for gods to see,—
> ....,—entering in grace,
> In waking hour He took and made me his ! "
> (POPE, p. 155).

It must not be thought however that the poet depends on outward and ocular appearances for his visions of God.

> " Thou dwell'st in all the elements, 'tis said; and yet
> Thou goest not nor com'st; the sages thus have sung
> Their rhythmic songs. Though neither have we heard nor learnt
> Of those who Thee by seeing of the eye have known;
> Thou King of Peranturei, girt with cool rice fields,
> To ponder Thee is hard to human thought. To us
> In presence come ! Cut off our ills ! In mercy make us thine."
> (POPE, p. 209.)

That Sivan the Supreme had entered the heart of his lowly follower and made his abode there was yet a further part of the testimony of the devout poet.

> " The Gracious One who left the heavens, entered this earth, made men his own,
> The Only One despised the flesh, entered my soul, and fills my thought."

This was the beginning of conscious union between the soul of the poet and God, and wondrous indeed was the change that the new life wrought in him; it opened his eyes, it exposed the vanity of the life he had been living, as of every other condition and form of life that made not God its aim and goal. " They who gain Thee" he cries " know that nought true exists but Thee." His favourite and most frequent expression for the change that had come to him is very beautiful. Sivan the Supreme had come to him in grace, and taken possession of him, He had made him, a poor helpless wretch, his own, admitting him to the number of his loving saints. " If one could tell the way He made me his" (எந்தமை ஆண்ட பரிசது பகரின்). " He came and made me too his own" (என்னையும் வந்து ஆண்டுகொண்டான்).

"Henceforth I'm no one's vassal; none I fear" (இனி யாம் ஆர்க்கும குடியல்லோம்; யாதும் அஞ்சோம்). The divine presence thus taking possession of his "body, soul and thought," broke in him the spell of sin, and set him free. "He frees his saints from thrall of low desire"; "my bonds Thou loosedst, making me thine own" cried Mânikka-Vâçagar as he remembered what Siva Peruman had done for him, and these beautiful expressions might be multiplied at will, showing how divine grace in his heart had given the poet a sense of deliverance from his bonds and of power over sin. When we enquire of him how this was wrought he tells us that his "dead heart lived" at the touch of God, that by the power of divine love in him his heart was softened and warmed until it melted "as wax before the unwearying fire" (சலியாத்தழலது கண்ட மெழுகதுபோல). As the stony bark (கன்னார்) may be stripped from a tree until the living feeling fibre lies bare to the touch, so had the hard sheaths of sin been torn and stripped from his unfeeling heart until it too felt and responded to the touch of the divine hand. Whatever value may be put upon the poet's theology there is no gainsaying the strength of the grasp in which his convictions held him, or the depth of feeling with which he entered on what was to him in very truth a new life. The depth and intensity of his emotion, the modes too in which he strives to find utterance for thoughts and feeling that broke through all the bonds of speech, remind us again and again of the early Methodists, while his immortal hymns are born of such fervour of heart as we have come to associate with the first decades of the Evangelical Revival. Indeed there is in his case, as there was, in part, among the early Methodists, an exuberance of feeling, an intensity of religious emotion that often carries him to excess, until his very strength becomes weakness and a decided danger.

"Then while undying love dissolved my frame, I cried;
I raised enraptured voice above the billowy sea's loud waves;
In utter wilderment I fell, I rolled, I cried aloud,
Madman distraught, and as a maniac raved;
.... 'Twas then through all my limbs
A honied sweetness He infused and made me blest."

(POPE, pp. 27, 28.)

"The mother's thoughtful care her infant feeds; Thou deignst
with greater love to visit sinful me,—
Melting my flesh, flooding my soul with inward light,
unfailing rapture's honied sweetness Thou
Bestowest,—through my every part infusing joy!
My wealth of *bliss!* O Siva-Peruman!"

We quote yet another passage out of many :

> " I know myself no more ; nor day's nor night's recurrence ; He
> Who mind and speech transcends with mystic madness madden'd me."
> (POPE, p. 296)

Such states of emotion as are here portrayed were the weakness as well as the strength of Mânikka-Vâçagar's piety. While the light of mystic vision shone about him, and all his frame quivered and melted in emotion's fires, the great world of sin and sorrow passed out of sight. For him, for the moment, "bonds" were broken, and the "sorrows that clung around" him ceased to be. He "trod on air," (literally walked on his head, (தலையினிடந்தேன்,) he tells us,) for very joy of new discovered bliss. But states of rapture cannot last; the soul is not saved by ecstatic visions. Mânikka-Vâçagar's old enemies though forgotten were not dead. Such enemies as his die not while men dream, but while they strive and suffer and dare. The world too that lay beneath his feet, despised and forgotten for an hour, was soon to lie around him again, and press upon him with an insistence greater than ever for the very resentment that he felt to it. To Mânikka-Vâçagar as to many others who have sought and attained to states of rapture, the inevitable period of reaction came; and there is nothing more touching in all his poems than their faithful record of the extremes to which relapse and reaction carried him, and the piteous wail of his soul over a lost and sinful state, which, having once beheld the face of "Siva-Peruman," he could no more endure. Comparing his many references to the subject, what happened to the poet seems to have been, that when from a state of overwrought emotion he returned to normal mental habits, and faced again the common hard facts of actual life, with the powers of his mind relaxed and enfeebled as the result of over-strain, temptation arising from his "senses," from low animal desire, rushed upon him and mastered him, so that he fell again into his old sensual habits. Then suddenly the light of his soul went out, and the face of God was hidden from him. His own heart too grew cold and loveless. His eye that once had seen grew "wooden," his ear and heart grew all to "stone unfeeling and unheeding," "a gnarled and knotted tree" from whose surface the currents of life have all receded. We might fill many pages with lines of deep pathos in which Mânikka-Vâçagar laments his backsliding; but one or two quotations must suffice.

"*O worthy One,* Thou mad'st me thine; by senses *five deceived,*
I worthless, left Thee! Uttara-koca-mangai's King! And Thou
Hast left me! Thou whose mighty javelin slays thy trembling foes."
(Pope, p. 39.)

"My Sire came, entered, made his own me who knew naught; in mercy taught me all;
Caused me to know the higher path; He loosed my every bond!
Despite the gain of changeless sweetest gifts of grace,—thou'rt changed Dead Heart!
Ruined by thee, to all that's false subjected, thus I ruined lie!"
(Pope, p. 58.)

"To see Thy face
The strong desire and love bide not in me; my Prince, how may I rise.
....................................Yet here more mean than any village cur
I dwell; my heart no rapture feels; my mind is stone, nor melts within
This body vile I still must guard and here abide,—such is thy will."
(Pope, p. 67.)

Yet again, remembering the saints who had gained release and entered the holy presence, he cries in pity for himself;—"Thy saints have reached the city blest, outside I and my falseness wander here; outside we go, falseness and I, (*புறமே போக்தோம் பொய்யும் யானும்*) true love to gain I've lost the power." "Like one whose tongue amid the flood is parched I gained thy grace; yet am *not* free! *Me thou'st forsaken*"; .... (and hence) "My joy is joyless all" (*களியாத களி எனக்கே*). And yet again he bewails his utter helplessness;—

"No way
To worship Thee I find; in sooth I know not Thee, nor lore
That tells of Thee! Master! Thy slave, I Thee my refuge make."
(Pope, p. 234.)

But no soul is ever lost that knows and bewails its helplessness and misery; and the man who in his darkest hour still seeks refuge in God, whom he fain would trust, but cannot see, commands more than our pity. If the saddest element in the story of Mânikka-Vâçagar's life be found in the darkness that followed illumination, the bondage to evil that to all appearance often followed close on moments of freedom, we may surely set over against that,—what is the brightest and most hopeful element in the story,—the constancy and intensity of desire with which, even from the lowest depths, he strove for freedom, and cried out for deliverance.

No chronological arrangement of his poems seems possible, the ordinary assignment of certain poems to certain places and periods of his life being hardly more than pious conjecture. Consequently it is impossible to gather from the poems any clear indication of moral progress in the saint's life. The general impression left by the whole of his writings is that of an alternating series of opposite experiences,—of rapture and reaction; illumination, freedom, joy, alternating with darkness, bondage, and sorrow. But through all these states, in light, and in shade, in the hour of triumph, and in the hour of defeat and shame, the poet's desire to "attain," to behold the face of God, and to be set free from "bonds," is intense and constant. The high hills which he ascended seem never to have broadened into restful uplands; it is a phase of the type of piety that he represented that men scale slippery heights, only to fall, and toil, and climb again; but, climbing or falling, on the high heights, or in the dark abyss, the eyes of Mânikka-Vâçagar were ever lifted to the heavens beyond the hills; while the prayer for pity and help never dies upon his lips.

> "I, false, am severed from the flowery feet that, entering here,
> made my soul melt, distilling nectar sweet.
> Yet I, poor wretch, die not as yet; but in a waking dream,
> the inner purpose of my soul I've lost."
>
> (POPE, p. 225.)

> "Ev'n faults that like a mountain rise, to virtue turn,
> If Thou but say the word! If Thou didst take me once
> For thine, why dost Thou not—though ruined—pity take
> On me? our Lord,—Thou of eight arms and triple eye!"
>
> (POPE, p. 274.)

> "Glory I ask not, nor desire I wealth; not earth or heaven I crave;
> I seek no birth or death; those that desire not Sivan nevermore
> I touch. I've reached the foot of sacred Perun-turrai's King,
> I've crown'd myself! I go not forth! I know no going hence again."
>
> (POPE, p. 280.)

Here may we not leave the story of Mânikka-Vâçagar, trusting that, in a higher sense than he ever understood in this life, this was indeed the goal to which he attained,—the holy presence of the Living God, whom in life he strove to know, and as he knew, strove hard to follow? The legend of his death may thus have had a more beautiful fulfilment than the pious writers of it ever knew, when they wrote that in old age he was

asked by the devotees of the temple in sacred Tillai to expound to them the meaning of his writings, and taking them to the temple told them that the "Lord of the assembly Himself, (Sabhâpathi) is the meaning"; and then disappeared, melting into the image of his Master.

W. GOUDIE.

(*To be continued.*)

KALAKSHEPAS—OLD AND NEW.

ONE of the striking ways in which Hindu Revivalism has made itself particularly visible, specially among the Hindu community in Madras, in recent years, is the weekly gatherings in different parts of the city to hear religious discourses by professional preachers. These discourses are known as *Kâlakshepas* in the sacred language of the East. What is a Kâlakshepa? The word is a Sanskrit compound formed of two simple words meaning "the whiling away of time." The history of the word can be traced to the early days of the earliest of the *Purânas.*

In the good old times of Ancient India, whenever a king or any great personage celebrated a religious sacrifice, several learned persons from remote parts of the country came, on invitation, to take part in the celebration, their primary duty being to assist in the religious rites. And these rites extended over a large space of time, in some instances to as many as twelve years and in some to as few as twelve days. But the generality of sacred rites lasted for a period of twelve months; and the spots chosen for such celebrations were the banks of a stream or river with beautiful groves or other natural scenery. The ceremonies connected with the performance of the rites were invariably gone through in the first half of the day, and the royal host had to provide some sort of diversion for the guests for the other half. And this diversion had, from early times, been called *Kâlakshepa.* The guests, among whom were hundreds of men learned in various branches of study, often had new and old ideas to communicate to and exchange with each other. The sages of old utilised the occasion of such unique gatherings not merely for the pleasant whiling away of their time but more particularly for the instruction and mutual enlightenment of the guests. After the midday meal these learned men assembled under the cool and refreshing shades of the spacious trees of the

hermitage and spent their time in the most pleasant and useful manner possible. A few who were learned in philosophy would form themselves into a group under a stately banyan and discuss the several systems of their special branch of study. Another group under the sacred pipal, probably codifiers like Manu, would discuss the revisions and emendations of moral and ethical codes. A third batch would be clearing their doubts regarding their intonation in the chanting of Vedic hymns. Thus according to their tastes and inclinations the learned sages grouped themselves into batches and carried on discussions in their lines of thought; and at the end of the period of the sacrifice they left the hermitage not only enriched by the liberal gifts of the host but with increased knowledge acquired from exchange of thoughts with their fellow professors, which knowledge they diffused among the people at large during their travels from place to place.

Such gatherings, which in the old days may be said to have somewhat corresponded to the present day *British Association* stripped of all its modern environments, were the result of the ancient form of *Kâlakshepa*. And students of oriental literature will find descriptions of such gatherings in the pages of the ancient epics of India, such as the *Mahábhárata* and the *Rámáyana*. Nay, the whole of the *Mahábhárata* is said to have been related during one of these long sacrifices. In ancient times Kâlakshepas were few and far between. . But wherever and whenever such took place they always resulted in a substantial addition to the literature of the country and the enlightenment of the people at large.

But now these *Kâlakshepas* have multiplied like mushrooms and in many cases persons with no pretensions to learning stand up as preachers. The original object of instruction is lost sight of, and Mammon is the God presiding over most of these exhibitions. Most of the Bhágavatas are self-styled; and having managed to get a smattering knowledge of a few puranic tales make *Kâlakshepa* of these tales, not on religious occasions but invariably during the *Rahukala* time of a Sunday evening, nor before learned assemblies always as in days of old but often before unlearned and uncritical audiences. In the majority of instances at the present day it is the inspiring nature of the themes chosen for *Kâlakshepa* and the accompaniment of music that attract large crowds to such discourses more than the learning or powers of exposition of the preacher. Whether the audiences return home the wiser for having attended such lectures or not, there can be

no doubt that the Bhágavatas return the richer; for their fees, in most cases, for a lecture range from Rs. 10 to 100 according to their power to amuse, instruct or divert the audience. One with a decidedly musical talent is more popular among the people than one with mere learning. Sometimes these modern Bhágavatas drive in coaches to their places of preaching while the sages of the old had perhaps to perform their long and tedious journeys on foot. Some of them robe themselves in silks and shawls and glitter in diamonds while the Bhágavatas of old were content perhaps with the bark of trees. Many of the popular *Bhágavatas* often earn Rs. 200 to 500 and sometimes more a month. For all that what is an average *Bhágavata?* When compared with the sages of old most of the modern *Bhágavatas* have only a show of knowledge, and are yet admired by an audience who wonder "how such a small head could carry so much wonderful knowledge" in Tamil, Telugu, Kanarese, Sanskrit, Marathi, Hindustani, and sometimes English also. As is the Bhágavata, so is the audience.

But in these days of widespread irreverence and irreligion preachers, however poor in attainments and however low they have fallen from the standard of the ideal preacher of old, still have some power of God in their hands, provided the Hindu public who are catered for by these professionals learn to be discriminating in the bestowal of their patronage and exacting in their judgment of the qualifications and capabilities of the preachers. There are many religious organizations in Madras, which ought to combine for their common good and resolve to encourage only the really learned among these professionals and discourage as far as possible impostors who take to this calling with the sole object of earning the livelihood which they have failed to earn in other walks of life. A great responsibility therefore lies on the leaders of the Hindu community in this matter, and, if only they introduce wholesome reforms in their field of popular education, a great deal of good might in time be expected by the people.

S. M. NATESA SASTRI.

A PRAYER FROM TIRUJNANASAMBANDAR.

On sages, gods and kine
  Prosperity attend !
And gracious rain from heav'n
  On all the earth descend !

And may the King live long !
  His glory still extend !
The world in faith grow strong,
  And wickedness all end !

Resound we Hara's name,
  Our praise in swell increase !
And plenty's smile proclaim
  Affliction's end and peace !

K. G. Sesha Aiyar.

A CORONATION ODE.

A GARLAND OF TWO GEMS.

சக்கிரவர்த்தியார் முடிசூட் டிரட்டைமணிமாலை,

வெண்பா.

சொல்லார் மணிக்கடலிற் றோமில் வயிரமணி
வல்லான் பதித்தபெரு மாண்பிற்றால்—நல்லார்ப்
பெருந்தேவிக் கிட்டுப் பிறங்குதில கம்போல்
திருந்தேர்கொ ளாங்கிலநற் றேம். (௧)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

நற்றே னொழுகு நறுமலர் தம்மு ணலஞ்செறியப்
பெற்றே யிலகும் பெருமைகொ டாமரை பீடுயரும்
அற்றே யெனலா மருங்கலை வாணி யமர்ந்தொளிரப்
பொற்றே வியுமொருங் கெய்திய வாங்கில பூமியையே. (௨)

வெண்பா.

பூமிக்கு ளோங்கியவள் பொன்னிகர்செந் நாப்புலவர்
நாமிக் கொளிரு நலமுடையாள்—ஏமக்
கடலுடையா ளாங்கிலநற் காரிகையிற் சம்மா
உடல்வயிற்கண் போன்மிலண்ட னூர். (௩)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

ஊருக்கு ளெல்லா முயர்ந்தவிவ் வூரினி லோங்குசெங்கோல்
பாருக்கு ளங்கங்குச் சிற்றர சாண்டார் பலர்தமக்குஞ்

சீருக் கெடுத்தநற் செவ்விய காட்டாச் செலுத்தியவுள்
நாருக் குரிய விஜயைத் திருப்பெயர் நம்மனையே. (௪)

வெண்பா.

அனையநற் றாயி னரும்புதல்வர் தம்முட்
புனையு முடிக்குரிய பூமான்—தனையே
தனக்குநிகர் கொண்டுநிகர் தண்ணளியுஞ் சான்ற
மனக்கினிய னெட்வர்ட் மகான். (௫)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

மகானென்றி யாரு மகீதலத் தின்கண் மகிழ்ந்துரைசீர்
மிகாநின்ற வள்ளல் கலைநலங் கூட்டுண்செவ் வேளனையான்*
உகாநின்ற பைந்தே னிராச மலரி னொளிர்புயத்தான்
தகானென் றெவருங் குறைசொலற் கில்லாத் தகைமையனே. (௬)

வெண்பா.

மையலொன் றின்றி மடலெழுதிப் பாடுநரும்
ஐயனே காவெனச்சொ லாடுநரும்—துய்ய
மனத்தின் மகிழ்சிறந்து வாழ்த்துநரு மாவார்
இனத்தின் மகளி ரெலாம். (௭)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

எலாவகை மாதரு மெங்கள் புகழ்சான்ற வெட்வர்டிறை
உலாவருந் தோறும்யா மேற்கூறி யாங்குள் ளுருகிநிற்பச்
சிலாமய மாமென வாநந்த முற்றுத் திகழ்ந்துநின்றார்
நலாரொடு பொல்லாத மாக்களு மம்ம நயந்துளமே. (௮)

வெண்பா.

மேன்மொழியிற் பாநலஞ்சான் மேலோ ரனையரோ
பான்மையொடன் னுனைப் பரிந்துரைத்தார்—தேன்மொழியாம்
செந்தமிழின் யாமுமவன் சீர்மைசொலி மாலையொன்
றுந்துகளிப் பிற்புனைந்திட் டோம். (௯)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

ஓமென் றிணங்கினர்க் குற்றநட் பாள னுளம்பிறிதாய்த்
தாமென் றகன்று தருக்கினர்க் குற்ற தனியரியே
றாமென் றெமதிறை வோனைப் புகழி னதனையொவ்வோம்
போமென் றிகழ்ந்திட்ட போவர்க்குஞ் செய்தனன் பொன்னருளே. (௰)

வெண்பா.

பொன்னருளி னூற்றுப் புகழ்தோய் குணக்குன்று
மன்னுயிர்ப்பைங் கூழ்வளர்க்கு மாவெழிலி—துன்னுமன்பின்
பொங்குகட னீதிப் பொலிவார் மணிவிளக்கம்
எங்களிறை யெட்வர்டென் பேம். (௧௧)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

என்பே சுவதேட்வர்ட் வள்ளல் குணங்களை யெம்முறையின்
இன்பேர் வரையறைக் கட்படு மோவிதை யெய்த்திலமால்
துன்பே யுளங்கொ ளியல்புடை யாளருந் துன்றிமகிழ்
நன்பே ருலக மிதுவே யெனவெண்ணி நாடுவரே. (கஉ)

வெண்பா.

நாடுதெளிச் செந்தமிழி னற்கடலி லாடுவீர்
நீடுவகை கொண்டிங்ங னேர்மினோ—கூடிநாம்
எல்லாரு மெட்வர் டிறைவன் முடிபுனைதல்
சொல்லாரப் பாடிமகிழ் தும். (கங)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

தும்மினுங் குற்ற மிருமினுங் குற்றஞ் சொலிப்புடைத்தார்
நம்மிக் தியரைமுன் னுளு நலம்பெற்ற ஞாலமன்னர்
இம்மையின் பெல்லா மினிது நுகர்தந் திருங்களியா
டெம்மை நிகர்ப்பவர் யார்கொலிப் போழ்தென் றிருக்குதமே. (கச)

வெண்பா.

இருக்குமறை தான்முழங்கு மிந்தியநற் றேயத்
தருக்குமற்றை யாங்கிலர்க்குஞ் சாலப்—பெருக்கும்
உரிமைகளில் வேறுபா டொன்றுமுறு வண்ணம்
புரியுமெட்வர்ட் மன்னன் புகன்று. (கரு)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

மன்னர்தம் மன்னென்று வையமெல் லாமொப்ப வந்தவெங்கள்
முன்னவ னுமெட்வர்ட் டேழாவ னேனு முதல்வனென்னப்
பொன்னரி யாதன மேறி மகிழ்ந்து பொலிந்தனனால்
நன்னரிக் காட்சிகண் டாநந்த மெய்தின நாமுளத்தே. (கசு)

வெண்பா.

தேவன் றிருவருளாற் சீர்சான்ற வெட்வர்டெங்
காவலன்செங் கோல்கொண்டான் காண்மினோ—யாவிரும்
உள்ளுவந்து வாழ்த்துமி னோங்கியகூத் தாடுமின்
தெள்ளுதமிழ்ப் பாடுமின் றேர்ந்து. (கஎ)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

தேர்ந்துநின் றீருஞ் சிறிதள வேனுந் தேரலிருஞ்
சேர்ந்துநின் றிவ்வயி னீர்திளஞ் சிந்தை செயுமொருவன்
ஆர்ந்துநின் றோங்கும் பரம்பொரு ளாகு மவனையன்பு
கூர்ந்துநின் றெட்வர்ட் பொருட்டுக் கரந்தொழல் கொள்பரிசே. (கஅ)

வெண்பா.

ஹேம சுபகிருதிற் செங்கடகச் சித்திரையிற்
காமர் முடியணிந்தான் காண்மினோ—சீமைக்
கரசனெனு மேட்வர் டருஞ்சார்வ பௌமப்
பரசுபெரும் பேரொடுமிப் பார். (கக)

கட்டளைக் கலித்துறை.

பாரி லவனர சென்றென்றும் வாழ்க பயன்சிறக்க
சேரல ரெல்லாரு நட்பாள ராக செறிந்துமுகில்
மாரி பொழிகவெங் கெங்குந் தமிழின் மணங்கமழ்க
ஏரிற் பொலிகந மிந்தியர் வாழிய வெஞ்சொலுமே. (உ௦)

வி. கோ. சூரிய நாராயண சாஸ்திரியார்.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The past month has seen the withdrawal from active religious work in India of two prominent figures—the one through death, the other through retirement into solitude.

Swami Vivekananda, whose untimely death all friends of religious progress in India mourn, was in many respects the most *typical* product of his generation. In him more than in any other Indian of the day was seen that mingling of the East and West which is the mark of our time. The Vedanta and the example of Ramakrishna were the two Indian elements which did most to mould him. But after his visit to America it would scarcely be too much to say he was almost as Western as Eastern. His attempts to read Western Science into ancient Eastern religion, his criticisms of the caste system, his advocacy of the eating of beef, his establishment of a Mission on Western lines, his foundation of an orphanage, and a number of other traits, showed how readily he had adapted himself to Western ideas. And yet he was always an Indian. Much that he saw in America and Europe he was incapable of understanding. The patriotic pride which of recent years has led Hindus to praise as perfect everything Indian—including the ideas of India's infancy out of which she grew thousands of years ago—was very strong in him. And so he lived in a continuous 'mixed mode of thought.' This was at once detected when he reached the North. The Hindus there saw, as clearly as Christians had seen from the first, that despite his professed championship of Hinduism, his teaching and life really tended to undermine it. Their want of sympathy and the scantiness of the support they accorded to his Mission was a bitter disappointment to him, all the more so because the enthusiastic reception given him in South India on his return from the West had helped to

hide from him the extent of his divergence from the average Hindu. We are glad that in Madras—alone, we have seen it said, of all places in India—loyal to its old idol, respect for his life and work has been shown by a public meeting. The speeches seem to have been mainly devoted to showing that orthodox Hinduism is rotten and to praising the deceased for trying to reform it. Mr. Krishnaswamy Iyer's denunciation of the Hindu priesthood was specially strong.

Mr. Mozoomdar, the leading minister in the Brahmo Samaj, has gone into retirement. To us nothing in his career as a religious teacher has been so disappointing as its close. We regret not merely the removal from the welter of a point around which some order was forming, the leaving the battle of a potent fighter, but that his farewell was such as it was.. Weary and heart-sick doubtless he was, but he would have seemed nobler could he have refrained from his bitter cries to the world of men to let him alone. Nothing of recent occurrence has served more clearly to show the difference between the spirit of Christianity and that of even the highest Brahmoism.

Almost simultaneous with Swami Vivekananda's death was that of Dr. Barrows who more than anybody else was responsible for the Chicago Parliament of Religions, but for which the Swami would have lived and died unknown. To us in India Dr. Barrows is best known as the first lecturer under the foundation known as the Barrows Lectures. His visit to India in 1895-6 is still fresh in many memories. His splendid energy, his geniality, his quickness and brightness in less public functions, and the torrential eloquence of his lectures will not soon be forgotten by those who met him.

One of the main defects of the educational system of this Presidency has been quietly remedied by the Government on the advice of the Director of Public Instruction. It has hitherto been possible for anybody to start a school anywhere, whether it was needed or not. The result has often been that an already existing school has been ruined without any advantage to the neighbourhood. And as the new school in such cases can only compete with the old one more or less illegitimately, either by encouraging indiscipline or by underselling it in the matter of fees, the process is one to be condemned. For though the Department could not withhold from it recognition and so debar its pupils from appearing for the public examinations, it could, and very rightly did, refuse to give it financial aid. Henceforth when a new school is started, it is not to be "recognised" unless its promoters are able to satisfy the Department that its existence is necessary. Such a condition of recognition is obviously open to abuse, but those interested

in the development of education must hope that the Department will rise to the purity and energy required to justify its new responsibility.

This is but one of a number of changes which the Madras Educational Department has been lately making or planning. A small revolution in Primary Education would seem to be proceeding. As the heads of the Department are notoriously ignorant of this branch of the educational system, it would probably be wise if before they committed themselves to change in it they consulted some of those who are intimate with it. There is much that Government might do to advance Primary Education, and the declared policy of the Government of India is that the Educational Departments of the local Governments should do their utmost to assist private managers interested in this work. All Government competition with aided schools is forbidden. A few model schools may be maintained. The Madras Department is apparently once more taking its own line, regardless of the declared policy of the State. A virus seems in its blood and it cannot loyally accept the principle that it is not by Government schools but by the method of grants-in-aid that it is to promote education. The attempts it is now making to set up a model school in every taluq—unless its officials have mis-stated its policy—are particularly wrong-headed, not merely in the methods employed, which are not the most courteous, but also in general plan. If Government is going to interfere with the work in Primary Education done by private managers, it should make known its general intentions, and invite representative managers to advise it upon them.

Lord Salisbury has laid down his harness and left the field of politics. His departure deprives the political world of its stateliest figure. With all the Cecil contempt for sentiment and democracy he had a power of literary speech, clear-cut, epigrammatic, sometimes biting, which no earlier Cecil had. But his chief strength lay in the confidence of the people—of both parties—that in his hands the conduct of the foreign affairs of the British Empire was safe. He left the stage without show or noise. Perhaps never was power more quietly transferred. It is interesting to note that the transfer was marked by phraseology which till now constitutionalists might have resented. In the official announcement Mr. Balfour was described as Prime Minister—a title only officially recognised once or twice before—and, more striking still, he is said to have been appointed Prime Minister by the King. Hitherto in such cases the King has asked a statesman to form a ministry, without definitely naming him Prime Minister. A small point perhaps, but the English constitution takes its legal mould through such.

With Lord Salisbury's departure from office a new era begins. Men of a younger generation step into the places of him and others who have retired with him, and the new life will make itself felt. Just at present however the change is not very apparent. Mr. Balfour, with much that is beautiful in his character, is as thoroughly Tory as his uncle. Of the people he knows nothing. He has all the Cecil traditional belief in aristocracy—government by a select few. His administrative training was in the rule of Ireland, and he ruled it by going his own way and absolutely disregarding the wishes of the people. He is beginning his Premiership in the same way. He has made up his mind that the Education Bill is good for the Nonconformists as well as for the Church of England. They tell him it is not, and though he is hopelessly ignorant of Nonconformity he puts aside their opinions with defiance and flouting. And so he is committing the country to a religious struggle such as has not been seen in England for two hundred years. He expects to be able to disregard Nonconformist resistance as he did Irish. But he will find that he cannot. He has against him the old Puritan spirit, roused to the defence of the purity of the Christian teaching, and probably the majority of the people. Protestant Nonconformists increased from $\frac{1}{22}$ of the population of England in 1800 to $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1900; and through the rise of the Free Church Councils during the last decade they have obtained an organisation which makes them capable as never before of united action.

The Report of the Universities Commission is sure to give rise to a large amount of discussion. In Calcutta, where—to some one's discredit—a premature acquaintance with its contents has been obtained, its proposals are already being denounced as revolutionary. We do not anticipate any similar outcry in Madras. Here the Report, in its general tendency and scope, is likely to be received with favour. It will certainly be so by such as have the best interests of education at heart; and that description applies, we believe, to all, or nearly all, whose views have weight with the South Indian public, whether Native or European.

We do not mean to express approval of everything that the Report contains. We have not had it long enough in our hands to have even formed an opinion on all the many questions which it raises. Even a first perusal brings some things to light of which we do not approve, or at all events on which much discussion needs to be bestowed before the views of the Commission are acted on. In some future number, when the tendency of public opinion has begun to appear, we may possibly go somewhat more

into detail, but at present we refer only to the broader aspects of the Report. In that point of view we regard it, and we believe our constituency will regard it, as aiming not at revolution but at good and healthy evolution. This is the Commission's own estimate of the product of its labours. It sees no need for any recasting of the Indian Universities. It is "not disposed to confirm the sweeping condemnation which has sometimes been passed upon our University system." It sees "no reason to regret the determination at which the Government arrived in 1854." It adds however :—"while we consider that many of the criticisms passed on the Indian Universities are not deserved, we have come to the conclusion that in many directions there is scope for improvement." The most moderate critic of higher education, as it exists in any part of India, will readily admit that it greatly needs improvement. It seems indeed to us that most of the chief means for securing improvement which the Commission goes on to suggest have long been in operation in our own university. But those who represent that body will probably be the first to admit that it needs to be improved still further, and that some if not all of the hitherto untried recommendations made in the present Report deserve full and favourable consideration.

The general scope of the Report may be best understood by adverting to the proposals made in it for further legislation. While holding that there is no need to repeal the present Acts of Incorporation, the Commission asks for a General Indian Universities Act, by which the old Acts may be supplemented and amended. As the first among the provisions of the new Act it would have a clear statement that the Universities shall have "power to found Professorships and Lectureships, and to receive and hold endowments of an educational character,"—in other words to become, in the complete sense, Teaching Universities. It is explained in the body of the Report that the teaching contemplated is to be only of the most advanced kind and is to be coupled as far as may be with original research. Very wisely, the Commission thinks it "expedient that undergraduate students should be left, in the main, to the colleges," and entirely disapproves of an "attempt to give to any college a monopoly of advanced teaching." Practically this means that the Universities should at once undertake such instruction as it may be thought right to give to those who carry on study after they obtain the ordinary degree, and that, in the course of time if not at once, they may find it desir-

able to provide those aids to instruction even for the pass degree which some of the affiliated colleges may be unable to afford,—for instance, laboratories and all that is implied in their proper use. To us it seems that evolution of this description was contemplated when the Universities were founded and may be secured under the present Acts. At the same time it is well that all possibility of doubt upon the subject should be removed.

In the next place, the Commission would have the amending Act to provide for a reconstitution of the governing bodies of the Universities. On this point it does little more than adopt the views which the Viceroy has already made familiar to the public. It would allow all members of the present Senates to retain their honorary distinction for life and to exercise such privileges as are not strictly of an academic nature,—for instance the election of members of the Legislative Councils. For the actual government of the University it would, however, have a new body, containing about a hundred members, appointed by Government either wholly or in part from among the present Fellows, about ten of them being appointed on the recommendation of the graduates. On condition of regular attendance, members of the new Senates should hold office for only five years as a rule, but should be eligible for re-appointment. General principles are laid down according to which the appointments to the new Senates ought be made.

So far as the reduction in the number of active Fellows is concerned, these proposals will command universal assent. Every one admits that the present Senates are unwieldy in point of size as well as defective in constitution. It must be noted, however, that, if the proposals come in force, everything will depend on the Governments concerned acting wisely and fairly in making the appointments. Whatever evils have arisen from the faulty constitution and excessive size of the present Senates lie entirely at the door of the various Governments. If appointments continue to be made either haphazard or on wrong principles, a Senate of one hundred may do as much harm as one of three hundred.

The next point is "that the Syndicate should be recognized by law as the executive authority of the University and that some of its powers should be exercised independently of the Senate." The powers which it is proposed that the Syndicate should thus exercise independently are those which have always been entrusted to it in Madras. Certain suggestions on the election of Syndics are

intended to secure an adequate representation of those actually engaged in college work, and it is further proposed that the Director of Public Instruction shall be *ex-officio* a member of the Syndicate and, in the absence of the Vice-Chancellor, its Chairman. Whatever fault may be found on other grounds with the Senate of the University of Madras, these suggestions merely give definite form to what has been its constant practice.

The above are definite proposals towards legislation. With regard to the questions that must arise in carrying on the ordinary work of the University the suggestions for legislation are less direct. The Report contains a very large number of practical recommendations arranged under the following heads :—University and College Libraries, Graduates of the University, Affiliated Colleges and Institutions, Teaching, Examinations, and University Funds. Many of these practical recommendations are both interesting and important. Thus the Report aims at making each affiliated college much more than hitherto an organic part of the University by members of Syndicate "making a practice of visiting the colleges within their jurisdiction," by the University regulating the fees and transfer of students, by its securing that students shall reside in suitable places under adequate supervision, and by various other methods. In regard to residence, the Commission adopts the rules already in force, though perhaps not very completely carried into effect, in the University of Madras. As a help to the development of a real and continuous college life it further recommends not the immediate but the gradual elimination of second-grade colleges.

Under the head of Teaching, the Report proposes very considerable modifications of existing courses. Probably the suggested change in which the widest interest will be taken is the recommendation that "students should not be required to pass in Science before entering on a University course." This question and many others must be thoroughly threshed out if real and lasting good is to be done.

Under the head of Examinations, many changes are also proposed. Distinctly the most important of them has no application to Madras. So long as the Matriculation examination continues on its present footing, (for it is in contemplation that it may be more or less merged hereafter in a school-leaving examination) it is proposed that its standard should be raised. The percentage of marks to be required for passing is, however, that which has

been in force here for a long time past. We cannot at present follow the Report into all its recommendations for the improvement of examinations. But one of them deserves particular notice. It is that "there should be no separate Honours examination for the Bachelor's degree. The M.A. should be regarded as the Honours examination." An Honours examination may be useful when University life comes to be developed to a much higher stage than it has reached in India as yet. For the present, its influence cannot but be hurtful. As the Commission says:— "The evidence is, we think, conclusive that the introduction oi Honours courses at Calcutta has depreciated the Pass degree."

With regard to its practical recommendations under these various heads, the Commission thinks that Legislation ought to take the form of simply empowering the Governor-General in Council to make new regulations for each university, and that these regulations should embody such of its recommendations as may be accepted. To this it adds:—"We assume that this power would be exercised in each case in consultation with the Local Government and with the Senate." Provided that this be done after full time for discussion has been allowed, and provided also that due attention be paid to this further remark,—"We desire it to be understood that the process of improvement must be gradual, and that all existing interests, whether of teachers or of students, must be carefully respected," we have little doubt that the presentation of the Report before us will mark the beginning of great and permanent improvement in the tone of education throughout India.

In order that we may not be supposed to advocate the blind acceptance of the Report exactly as it stands, we may specify a recommendation which the Commission bases upon wholly insufficient grounds. It holds with great decision that the Dravidian tongues should no longer be allowed in Madras as second languages in the course of study for the B.A. degree,—Sanskrit, it is implied, becoming imperative instead of them. We do not wish in the meantime to pronounce one way or other on this question. It needs to be discussed. A conclusion may happen to be right even though the premises that lead up to it are wrong. But gentlemen who hold that "the study of classical languages is of the utmost importance for the improvement of their allied vernaculars" and evidently believe that Tamil and Telugu bear the same relation to Sanskrit as Hindi and Marathi simply put them-

selves out of court for those who wish the question to be discussed and decided on proper grounds.

In spite of this, however, and in spite of other points on which they have plainly needed either fuller information or deeper consideration, the members of the Commission have done extremely useful work. The ends at which they aim throughout their Report must commend themselves to every intelligent friend of education or of India. Many of the steps by which they hope to arrive at those ends,—though possibly enough by no means all,—are undoubtedly judicious and wise.

LITERARY NOTICES AND NOTES.

The English Church in the Sixteenth Century from the accession of Henry VIII. to the death of Mary. By James Gairdner. Macmillan and Co., London. 1902. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

This is the fourth volume in the series in which under the editorship of Dean Stephens and Mr. Hunt the History of the English Church is being set forth. There is none which has to deal with more controversial subjects, and our first thought on seeing the name of the author was one of gladness that the High Church General Editors had secured for this period no clergyman but a lay scholar. Our satisfaction was short-lived. Mr. Gairdner is evidently more clerical than the clergy; and it is impossible to believe that even the most 'Catholic' of Anglican 'priests' could be so little acquainted with human nature. He claims that he bases everything on authorities, but the book shows most conspicuously the defects to which documentary study is exposed. Of late the word document has become a fetish in some quarters, and it has come to be thought that if a writer has documents before him his narrative must be correct. How far this view is from being true the book before us shows. Were the documents a thousand-fold more numerous than they are, and were the historian a perfect student of them, they could only give us some of the facts of the period. The interpretation of the facts would still remain to be attempted. To interpret them with any approximation to proportionateness and accuracy, to judge the motives and aims of those concerned in them, insight, sympathy with all parties, knowledge of human nature are required. In all these qualities Mr. Gairdner is sadly to seek. We read through his narrative of Henry VIII's reign with amazement. He sees in him not a single permissible impulse. Lust and tyranny are the only motives he can see in anything he does. His whole view of the reign is out of proportion. The Reformation according to him was the work of the King alone, forced upon a people which with a few obscure ex-

ceptions was intensely hostile to it. Of the movements which made it possible Mr. Gairdner says practically nothing; he labours to show that before the divorce those opposed to the existing Church system might be counted on one's fingers. Tendencies of thought and spirit are not to be measured in official statistics or judicial records, so the slave to documents knows nothing of them. One misses any recognition of the grievances under which the English laity laboured. Mr. Gairdner writes, throughout the narrative of Henry's reign, as though the Church was perfect. He takes his stand against all change and writes as the partisan of 'things as they are.' He comes to the reign with a prepossession against those who worked for change and against Protestant writers. By More he swears; Foxe's name is a red rag to him. Never surely did the personal equation count for so much. This narrative, based on documents, claiming impartiality, is filled with hypothetic judgments. 'Doubtless,' 'probably' and such words abound; and we can only say that in many, if not most, cases where they appear we think it would be as reasonable to correct them into 'probably not' or 'doubtless not.' Mr. Gairdner is not only incapable of looking at facts from the Reformers' point of view but he is also unable to conceive of a man as a complex being with good and evil in him mixed, with mingled motives and aims. How far this prevents him from doing justice to a movement or a man may be inferred from the diametrically opposite view of the period and of the King, which a true biography takes. Mr. A. F. Pollard in his new monograph on Henry VIII., working with the same materials sets up in place of the caricature drawn by Mr. Gairdner, a living man, and makes the Reformation intelligible.

It is true that facts are in the end too strong even for Mr. Gairdner. The result is that his book is broken-backed. The Reforming movement having been the sole work of Henry VIII., carried through amid the execrations of the whole people, the reign of Edward VI. is beyond explanation. Still there it is, and Mr. Gairdner is after all an Anglican. So we make a fresh start. And though the same faults prevail as in the first half of the book, they are not so glaring. But the toning down brings about some strange results. Cranmer for example, for whom the writer has not a good word throughout Henry's reign, is suddenly at his death discovered to have been excellent from first to last. And the changes against which Mr. Gairdner throws his whole weight while they are proceeding are declared in retrospect to have been necessary. A strange book, but essentially a Tory one. Mr. Gairdner would have stood by Rome in Henry's reign perhaps. But Anglicanism being now set up, he is for it. His worship is given to Kipling's 'God of things as they are.'

Under the Shadow of Durgamma. By B. A. Harband. The Religious Tract Society of Victoria, Melbourne.

This is a story of a young Hindu who comes under the influence of Christianity. He is convinced that the caste customs and numerous ceremonies imposed by Hinduism are useless. He does not wish to disappoint his mother and thinks he may as well conform to them that she may not know he is no longer orthodox. He graduates with honours at the University. On the eve of his departure he is influenced by some conversation he chances to hear while passing a carriage. After a time he becomes a master in a Mission School. His girl-wife has also been taught in a Mission School in her native village, but he does not know this until a long time after. His mother finds it out after a time. Husband and wife are separated. All kinds of influences are brought to bear on them. Their relatives even try to injure them rather than let them become outcasts as they think they must be if they become Christians. How they are parted and how they find each other we leave the reader to discover.

The story is graphically written, and true to life. Many customs are well described and the book is full of interesting incidents. One cannot help feeling that there are many cases that this represents. The authoress shows great interest in and sympathy for the people of India and has grasped the struggle that it is for a Hindu to become an outcast from all his relatives and friends and to begin a new life under new conditions. The tale is well calculated to interest Australasian Christians in Mission work in India; and Miss Harband is to be congratulated on the effective help she has been able to render to the cause of Missions in her enforced furlough.

The Hinderers. By Edna Lyall. Longmans, Green and Co., London, New York and Bombay, 1902. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

This short tale is marked by the ability to interest, power of characterisation, ease of style, and high tone which made Edna Lyall a name to conjure with in middle class England a dozen years ago. It is a strong protest against the Mammonism that is so great a danger to Western society to-day and a high appeal for manliness and seriousness in life. At the cost perhaps of her art, the writer seeks to guard herself against the charge of a sour Puritanism, dragging in ping-pong and Dan Leno as among her heroine's favourite fancies. The particular application is to the Boer War. The heroine and hero are 'pro-Boers,' and the line people take on the question of the war separates the sheep of the story from the goats. This is an easy way of dividing the characters, but of course unfair. Making allowance however for this inability to see good in those who believe the War just, the

book is calculated to do good. Its title is derived from the text of a sermon in it, "Ye hindered," and indicates that Edna Lyall meant it to rebuke those who, though they may not set themselves to do wrong, hinder others from doing right. As we have said, its general effect is rather different from this.

Selections from English Literature. Vol. I. Edited by C. M. Barrow. Macmillan & Co. Rs. 1-4-0.

English Poetry for Schools. Book II. (Indian edition). Cookson. Macmillan & Co. Re. 1.

Easy Selections from Modern Literature. Parts I. and II. Sir Roper Lethbridge. Macmillan & Co. As. 10 each.

The first of these volumes consists of four prose pieces and seven poetry pieces. The selection is a good one and the pieces are well suited for use in the VIth forms of schools in this Presidency. Teachers will find that the pieces given are of a fair length, not so long as to be wearisome to the student and not so short that the student fails to be interested in the piece. The notes are short; they are intended to be more suggestive than exhaustive. On the whole the notes that are given are good. Is it necessary to tell Indian boys that *souls* in a certain context means *people?* Again in a note on p. 38, l. 9 we read *urchin* 'properly a small hedgehog, but here used to mean a small boy.' We know that urchin is in common use for a hedgehog in some of the rural districts of England but that meaning of the word is almost if not quite obsolete in ordinary usage. It seems to us to be insufficient to say that *treacherous phantoms* is an allusion to the *ignis fatuus.* A note of this kind encourages the use by boys of quotations in a language with which they are unfamiliar, and if the reference had been to a will o' the wisp with an explanation of the meaning it would have been better. In the notes to Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes space might have been saved by not giving such full notes on the various characters from English History as are given and a note might have been given on Juvenal. There are several references to Juvenal but nothing to tell the student who he was. Boys in the VIth form have English Histories to which they can refer but they do not find information about Juvenal so accessible. The note on l. 65 of the Vanity of Human Wishes gives a wrong meaning owing to the omission of *un* before *accompanied.* The book is well got up and is decidedly suitable for use in the VIth form; we think however that it is a pity the book has not been priced at a rupee instead of Rs. 1-4-0.

For those who wish a poetry book we can heartily recommend the volume edited by Mr. Cookson. Altogether there are 170 pieces of various length and of different degrees of difficulty. It is a book that

might be used in all the forms of a High School, for there are sufficient pieces easy enough for the IVth and Vth forms and at the same time pieces difficult enough for the VIth. The pieces are selected from a number of poets; many are old familiar friends and a fair number are new. Not only are the best-known pieces from Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson and Browning selected, but selections are made from the writings of less known writers and from the works of some of the best living poets such as Swinburne, Austin, Dobson and Watson. The teacher who desires suitable pieces for paraphrase will here find a number of short pieces admirably adapted for that purpose. The notes on the poetry are meagre, too meagre in our opinion, and might be made a little fuller with advantage. The appendices are good, and the one in which two model lessons are given should be helpful to those teachers who have not had the benefit of training; it is full of suggestive hints.

Both parts of Lethbridge's Easy Selections have been reprinted thirteen times and that is a sufficient guarantee of the usefulness of the books in question. For those who wish a cheap Reader these books will do admirably. Part I is about the standard of Form IV and the second part of about the standard of Form V.

Macaulay's Essay on the Earl of Chatham. Edited by H. Wesley Dennis, M. A., Principal of St. John's Training College, Battersea. Longmans, Green & Co.

The series of British classics, to which this book belongs, is apparently intended for students who have reached the standard of our F. A. classes. But the notes of this volume assume a larger knowledge of the English language than is the possession of the average student of these classes. The introduction sets down clearly the main facts which are necessary for the appreciation of the historical situation in which the Earl of Chatham found himself, and of the rights and wrongs of the conflict with America. But as an introduction it is much too brief. A concise sketch of Macaulay's life, a characterisation of his style, a statement of his political point of view and a short analysis of the essay itself would have been of great value to the student in his endeavour to understand the essay.

The meagreness of the introduction is however somewhat atoned for by the insertion of a chart which sets forth chronologically the leading events in history during Chatham's life and by a small bibliography intended to guide the student in a further study of this essay, of Macaulay himself and of his works.

The notes are largely historical. Many are full but not too full. There are however several words, phrases and allusions unmentioned in the notes which might well have been explained, such as "desultory

declamation," "talents for jobbing," and allusions to the Scots as people "who eat the food of horses, and empty pails from the fourteenth story." But on the whole the notes are very informing and help to set in relief—a difficult task—each of the innumerable characters that Macaulay brings upon his stage.

Interest is further given to the book by a number of illustrations, including portraits of Macaulay, Chatham and George III. We commend it as a cheap handy edition of Macaulay's Chatham.

Algebra, Part I. By E. M. Langley, M.A., and S. R. N. Bradly, M.A. London. John Murray, 1901. Price 1*s.* 6*d.*

In the matter of printing and get-up this little book is all that could be desired. In other respects it does not seem to us to possess any special merit. The object of the authors has been to provide at a small price a class-book containing a large number of exercises on the simple rules, with fully worked out examples to serve as models to the student. Explanations and illustrations of algebraical principles are given in so far as they are necessary for the intelligent application of the processes used, but the authors rightly consider that students of Algebra should have made considerable progress in algebraical manipulation before taking up the formal study of the fundamental laws of the subject, and they have therefore left explanations of theory to be given mainly by the teacher.

Regarding the manner in which the authors have carried out their object little need be said. On the second page there occurs the sentence: "when a mathematical operation is to be performed on an expression consisting of more than one term, it is enclosed in brackets, or has a line drawn over it"; and in other places, too, there are proofs that the authors have not been so careful as they ought to have been in the very important matter of composition. We notice in the text a few statements which are evidently meant for the guidance of teachers. They seem rather out of place, and might well be omitted or introduced into the preface.

The Elements of Algebra, for use in High Schools. By G. S. Ramaswamy Aiyar, B.A., P. Sitarama Aiyar, B.A., K. Vaidyanathaswamy Aiyar, B.A. With a preface by the Rev. C. Pollard, M.A., Printed by Srinivasa, Varadachari & Co., 1902.

The book before us, embodying as it does the labour of three experienced teachers under the supervision of a graduate of Cambridge, may well be expected to supply all the ground-work for the advanced study of Algebra. And we are not at all disappointed; the book seems to be in every way qualified to be popular with students and teachers.

The authors seem to have spared no pains to give instruction wherever necessary and to minimise labour wherever possible. We are glad to note that the whole work has been carefully and systematically arranged so as to be a suitable Text-book for High Schools. The subject is treated in three well defined portions corresponding to the three divisions of the Matriculation course. Wherever necessary the same portion is dealt within more than one chapter treating of the elementary and advanced parts of the same. The authors have done well to introduce some methods whereby results can be verified. This will not only tend to give the student confidence and make him self-reliant but will to a great extent impress upon the minds of students all the curious manipulations of Algebra as distinguished from those of Arithmetic. The book contains an exhaustive list of the examination papers of the various Indian Universities and a large number of examples fairly well arranged in order of difficulty.

The book is fairly well printed, is nicely bound in cloth and is cheap.

A First Step in Arithmetic. By J. G. Bradshaw, B.A. London. Macmillan and Co., Limited, 1902.

This little work, as its name implies, has been prepared for use with pupils beginning the study of Arithmetic. The methods described in it have little of novelty in them, but, as the author believes, the book "may possibly be of service to those who undertake for the first time the difficult task of teaching beginners." We wish to point out, however, that in one particular the teaching is unsound. In connection with the multiplication and division of so-called concrete numbers the author says that the multiplication of two concrete numbers is impossible, but except the product of two linear quantities of the same denomination, or of a square number and a linear number of similar denominations. He does not seem to be aware that the product of six feet by four feet is just as much an absurdity as the product of six weeks and four rupees. We would point out also that the symbols which Mr. Bradshaw frequently uses to denote minutes and seconds of time ought to be used only to denote minutes and seconds of angle.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry, [Book I—Telugu] and Beginners' Geometry. By S. Rajagopalachariyar, B.A. Madras. Price Re. 1.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry are rendered into Telugu for the benefit of the pupils in Lower Secondary classes, as well as for those advanced students who do not know English. The language employed is clear and intelligible enough. The definitions are on the whole well-

expressed. But some of them, such as those of plane superficies, circle, and circumference (pages 4 and 6) require a thorough recasting, as they are very obscure, the sentences being ill-formed. The explanation of *Reductio ad absurdum* (page 29) is incomprehensible. However, proper equivalents have been either found or coined for the technical terms, though some of them are not quite appropriate, while a few others are unavoidably long. The several elements of each Proposition are clearly exhibited and the arguments in the Demonstration are plain and simply stated. It would have been better if Telugu letters had been used, instead of English letters, in designating points, lines, triangles, &c. The several elaborate Appendices at the end of the book are valuable and useful for the close student of the subject. The book, on the whole, amply testifies to the time, labour and intelligence so freely bestowed upon it by the author.

The Teacher's Manual of Object Lessons in Geography. By Vincent T. Murché, F. R. G. S. Macmillan and Co., Limited. London, 1902. Price 3*s*. 6*d*.

In no subject has improved teaching been more marked in the West of recent years than in Geography. The book before us is but the last proof of this. Mr. Murché is an experienced Board-school Headmaster and has also made many text-books, so that it is little wonder that here he shows an insight into what is required and an ability to provide it which teachers generally will admire. Taught in the way here sketched out, Physical Geography in the lower classes will be full of interest. The method combines the object lesson with experiment, and proceeds from the known to the unknown in a thoroughly satisfactory way. The book is divided into two Stages of 26 and 32 Lessons respectively. The first Stage deals with common things, such as clay, chalk, water; simple natural phenomena such as the sky, wind, rain; the surface of the land as any child can observe it; the Cardinal Points; the meaning and use of a map. We should be glad to think that every teacher of Geography to beginners used this book.

From Messrs. Macmillan and Co., we have received the following: A volume of *Test Papers in General Knowledge,* by H. S. Cooke, (Price 1*s*. 6*d*.), is suggestive and would be useful to Indian graduates in calling their attention to many matters which an English gentleman is supposed to know but which lie off the line of ordinary Indian studies. *Greek Prose Composition* (Price 3*s*. 6*d*.) in Macmillan's Greek Course is, we think, the best book we have seen in this subject. *Sophocles' Antigone* (Price 2*s*. 6*d*.) edited by M. A. Bayfield maintains the high standard of Macmillan's Classical Series and is a real contribution to the literature on this magnificent though difficult

play. Part 1 of a Popular Issue in 40 parts at 6*d.* net each of the Illustrated Edition of *Green's Short History of the English People* opens up the prospect of a still wider popularity for that brilliant book. As Green's History itself marked an epoch in English historical literature, so did the insertion of these illustrations in the illustration of text-books, A cheap edition of the Illustrated History is sure to be appreciated.

LITERARY NOTES.

The next volumes of Messrs. Macmillan's "English Men of Letters" series will be *Hazlitt* by Mr. Augustine Birrell and *Matthew Arnold* by Mr. Herbert Paul. Sir Leslie Stephen's volume on *George Eliot,* the first of the new additions to the series, has appeared already. The fact that the first of these new monographs on *men* of letters is the life of a woman recalls the remark of a foreign critic on the series of "Twelve English Statesmen." He pointed out that of the twelve one was a Frenchman, one a Dutchman, and one a woman. The volume on Tennyson is being written by Sir Alfred Lyall, who it is stated is also to be the biographer of the late Lord Dufferin. It is to be hoped that these volumes will not contain so much careless writing as is to be found in Sir Alfred's book on Warren Hastings in the "English Men of Action" series.

Most students of English literature are acquainted with Dr. Stopford Brooke's *Study of Tennyson* which was published in 1894. For some time Dr. Brooke has been engaged on a book on Browning which will be uniform in style and appearance with it. Most of it is now in type and it is expected that it will appear some time this autumn.

The next addition to the "Story of the Nations" series is to be *The Papal Monarchy*: *From Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.* (590—1303), by the Rev. Dr. Barry. In it it is proposed to trace the Papal suzerainty over the West from its beginning to its culmination and first stage of decline.

In a letter to the *Athenæum* Mr. Sidney Lee, the Editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography,* announces that "it is intended to issue at an early date lists of the chief *errata* in the Dictionary of National Biography," and adds that he and the publishers of the dictionary would feel greatly obliged if readers of the dictionary would send in any mistakes of date or fact that they may have noticed. As the dictionary is a really national work it is desirable that it should be as correct as it is possible for such a work to be and such accuracy can best be secured if all who notice mistakes will take the trouble to point them out. All communications should be addressed to the Editor of the Dictionary of Biography, 15, Waterloo Place, London, S. W.

A writer in a local contemporary makes a curious slip when he suggests that the chief reason why Sir Leslie Stephen has been made a K. C. B. is that he wrote the life of Queen Victoria for the Supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography. It is true that Sir Leslie Stephen was for long editor of the dictionary but it was his successor Mr. Sidney Lee that wrote the biography in question.

Last Christmas the publishers of *Good Words* offered three prizes of £50, £15 and £10 respectively for the three best Coronation Odes submitted to them before a certain date. In reply to this invitation no fewer than 1,084 competitors sent in poems, and in the last number of *Good Words* the best of them have been printed. The Awarding Committee was composed of Dr. Stopford A. Brooke, Mr. Edmund Gosse and Mr. William Canton, and, curiously enough, three out of the four prize winners (the third prize having been divided) are clergymen. The first prize has been gained by the Rev. L. M. Watt, Minister of Alloa in Scotland, whose poem called *The Grey Mother* attracted much attention when it appeared in the *Spectator* in 1899. The remaining prize winner is a lady from New Zealand. Of the odes sent in for competition 675 came from Europe, 101 from North and South America, 192 from Australasia, 42 from Asia, 17 from Africa, and 57 from "the Islands of the Seas."

The first volume of the *Cambridge Modern History* is to be published on November 1st. This great work was projected by the late Lord Acton, who laid down the lines on which the work will be carried out. When ill-health compelled him to give up the editorship he was succeeded by Dr. A. W. Ward, Dr. G. W. Prothero and Mr. Stanley Leathes, who intend to adhere to the principles that Lord Acton followed. The aim of this work is "to record in the way most useful to the greatest numbers of readers the fulness of knowledge in the field of modern history which the nineteenth century has bequeathed to its successor." The first volume treats of the Renaissance, and the list of the writers of the different chapters contain such well-known names as those of Prof. Bury, Dr. R. Garnett, Prof. Tout, Dr. James Gairdner, Dr. Cunningham and Sir Richard Jebb, in addition to those of the editors. The eleven volumes that are to follow will deal with the Reformation, Wars of Religion, the Thirty Years' War, Bourbons and Stuarts, the Eighteenth Century, the United States, the French Revolution, Napoleon, Restoration and Reaction, the Growth of Nationalities, and the Latest Age. Lord Acton expected that the first volume would appear in 1899 and the last in 1904, but when the magnitude of the work is considered it is not surprising that its publication has been delayed. Lord Acton, who died last June, was one of the most learned men in

England. Mr. Gladstone when any special information was required on some little-known subject used to say "ask Acton; he's sure to know. He had a remarkable reputation which he fully deserved, and yet his name appears on the title-pages of but few books. A writer in the *Athenæum* says of him "If there was a unique figure in Europe it was Lord Acton. To combine the country squire, the peer of the realm, the lord in waiting to the Queen, the Professor of History at Cambridge, the profound lay theologian, was, indeed, a record to which there is no parallel." The same writer remarks that "he knew far too much to write books." Lord Acton, indeed, wrote few books but his influence on historical studies was immense, and his views of the meaning and the value of historical studies and his ideal of accuracy have impressed themselves on Cambridge with excellent results. Lord Acton was a Roman Catholic, but he belonged to the Liberal school, and at the time of the Vatican Council he strenuously opposed the promulgation of the decree of the infallibility of the Pope. The lectures he delivered at Cambridge on "The French Revolution" and "General Modern History" are to be published shortly in two volumes.

SCIENCE NOTES.

The soil in some parts of the country is very salt and so is the water of many of the wells. As it is important to know how far this affects their value for agricultural purposes, Dr. Leather, Agricultural Chemist to the Government of India, has investigated the effect of the salt on crops. He has found cereals growing well in soil which contained 0·099 per cent. of sodium carbonate, and 0·018 of sodium chloride in the Cawnpore District. In the Aligarh District, wheat grew well in one case in the presence of 0·044 per cent. of carbonate *plus* 0·021 of chloride, and in another in the presence of 0·137 per cent. of carbonate *plus* 0·062 of chloride. The crop failed, however, in the presence of 0·193 per cent. of carbonate *plus* 0·01 of chloride in one plot, and of 0·251 per cent. of carbonate *plus* 0·008 of chloride in another.

It is remarkable that such a small difference should be found in the amount of salts present in the soil when the crop grew well in the one case and failed in the other, but this is confirmed by similar results obtained in California. Dr. Leather finds the explanation to lie in the respective amounts of rain-water which the several soils would allow to enter at the surface. The word 'drain,' he says, cannot here be properly used, because the presence of these salts is a proof that the drainage conditions are extremely imperfect. But one soil will allow more water to descend into the surface soil than another. This would produce more dilute solutions of the salts in the one case than in the other,

and it would explain why considerable differences in the growth of crops may occur in soils which contain much about the same proportion of salts. It is, indeed, a question of concentration of solutions that must be considered rather than weight of these salts per hundred parts of soil.

The water of many saline wells is used for irrigation. For instance, in the Muttra District of the United Provinces the water of such wells is considered by the people in some cases to be fit for application to the land before sowing, while in others it is applied to growing crops. Dr. Leather finds that in the latter case there is often a considerable proportion of nitrates in the water. In Gujerat he has observed that when the amount of total salts is high, the water is mixed with that from less saline wells. When the water does not contain a good proportion of nitrates, it cannot be used for irrigation in the absence of a good rainfall. Used alone in dry weather, such water is practically fatal to crops. A distinct line cannot be drawn between waters which are fatal and those which are not, but Dr. Leather finds that the most that crops such as cereals will bear is a solution containing 0·5 per cent. of salts.

More generally, Dr. Leather finds that crops may suffer in solutions of 0·3 per cent. of total salts, those which are most easily affected being the *Leguminosæ*. In order to compare this result with that showing the proportion of salts in soil, he says that it may be assumed that the proportion of water in soils varies, shortly after irrigation, from 30 per cent. to 10 per cent. according to the nature of the soil and the climatic conditions. A soil containing 0·1 per cent. of salts and 30 per cent. of water may thus be considered as holding a solution of 0·33 per cent. of salts. Dr. Leather infers from the agricultural effects of well waters that such a proportion is as much as cereal crops can bear. He therefore considers that a soil containing so high a proportion as 0·1 per cent. of total salts could only be expected to bear good crops if the water supply were regular throughout the season.

Mr. D. E. Hutchins, Conservator of Forests, Cape Colony, and formerly of the Indian Forest Department, has replied very effectively to Professor Perry and others who have been lamenting the prospect of the world being soon without fuel owing to the consumption of coal being so rapid. He points out that these people have forgotten the forests which in so many countries supply all the fuel that is wanted. At the Cape it has been found cheaper to use firewood than to import coal from over the sea or by a long and expensive land journey. As

far back as 1882 the experiments which he and Sir D. Brandis made on the Nilgiris with *Eucalyptus globulus* proved that such trees when grown on tropical mountains produced wood fuel at the rate of 20 tons per acre per year in perpetuity. The eucalyptus plantation reproduces itself when cut and its dry timber has an equal or a higher thermal power, bulk for bulk, than coal.

The yield of tropical forests is, of course, much in excess of the yield in cold countries, but Germany has shown us that with scientific cultivation a great deal more can be got from forests than is generally supposed. There we find that one-fourth of the total area is under forest, and this not only yields an enormous supply of fuel but has a most beneficial effect on the climate of the country. It is held by those best able to judge that for one-fourth to be under forest is a suitable proportion for a thickly-peopled civilised country like Germany, and that the proportion should be greater in countries where large areas are unsuited for human habitation. Taking a low estimate of a forest yield, Mr. Hutchins calculates that, if forests were worked generally in this way, the quantity of fuel obtained would be more than thirty times the world's present consumption of coal. If forests were everywhere scientifically worked, the yield might be as much as two hundred and fifty times the present consumption of coal.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL NOTES.

Dr. W. H. R. Rivers, the recipient of a grant from the Royal Society for Psycho-physiological researches among the Todas of the Nilgiris, arrived in Madras on the 30th of June last and proceeded soon after with Mr. Edgar Thurston, Superintendent of the Government Museum, to Coimbatore. He began his investigations with the Irulars and Sholigars of Dimbhum, Satyamangalam Taluq, Coimbatore District, and was to have moved on some days ago to the Nilgiris for the examination of the Todas, Kotahs and Badagas. He is expected to stay in India till the end of the cold weather, when he will proceed home and present his report to the Royal Society. Mr. Thurston, it is perhaps needless to say, is much facilitating his work by giving him all the help he can, especially in inducing his old friends, the 'aborigines' of the Nilgiris, to take him into their confidence and render easy the successful termination of his work in their midst. We await an interesting report.

The latest number of *Man*, the organ of the Anthropological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland, contains an exceedingly interesting *Note on Some Indian Tatu-Marks*, offering some suggestions as to the

probable significance of the tatu-patterns figured by Mr. Faucett in his paper on *The Dombs of Jeypur*, published last year in the same journal. The result seems to strongly controvert the theories independently arrived at by Joest and Westermarck, which deny to the custom any religious or mystical significance and make it only an incident of courtship, and to materially support the view of Waitz-Gerland who attributes a religious orgin to it.

The Rt. Hon. James Bryce, D. C. L. delivered the Romanes Lecture for this year on *The Relations of the Advanced and Backward Races of Mankind*. The subject, politically and socially, is a most opportune one and the address, besides being scientific, is eminently practical. Though primarily intended to appeal with special force at the present moment to statesmen in England and United States, yet, we doubt not, it will be read with interest in India. The authorised edition has been published at the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

RECENT PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Mr. Marconi contributes a most interesting article on 'The Practicability of Wireless Telegraphy' to this month's *Fortnightly*. Some of the experiments which he has successfully carried out strike with amazement those whose knowledge of the powers of electricity is limited. It is interesting to hear that the first paid wireless telegram was sent by Lord Kelvin on June 3, 1898 The message was sent from Mr. Marconi's Alum Bay Station in the Isle of Wight over to Bournemouth through air. In July of the same year Mr. Marconi reported the races of the Kingstown regatta by means of wireless telegraphy. At Kingstown was a mast forty feet high with the receiving wire and netting on the top. The sending apparatus was on a mast on a tug which followed the boats: the tug was always in motion, yet hundreds of messages were sent, and correctly received. Another occasion when Marconi's invention came in handy was when the Prince of Wales, having injured his knee, was confined to the Royal yacht in Cowes Bay. An installation was fitted up on the yacht, and communication was kept up between the Prince and the Queen, as well as between the doctor on board and the Queen's doctor on shore. By means of this wonderful ether-transmitted means of communication lightships in dangerous shoals are never out of reach of help. The lightship at the Goodwin sands was run into by a steamer in 1899 and began to leak. Fortunately it possessed the wireless telegraphy apparatus. A message was at once sent to the nearest lighthouse, also similarly provided, and life-boats were at once sent, and the lightship was saved. Marconi also reported the results of the International yacht race in 1899, from a steamer. Once a message was sent a distance of twenty-two miles. Communication was kept up even on cloudy, dull days, and when hills quite cut off the sending and receiving stations from each other's view. The wireless system has been tested thoroughly by the United States navy, and was found to be most useful in squadron signalling, as rain, fog, darkness, and motion did not interfere with the accuracy of the messages. The only thing that wind and rain do is to reduce the range and rapidity of the transmission. When Mr. Marconi was returning from America, and while he was still sixty miles from Southampton, he received a telegram from the shore.

Mr. Carl Snyder contributes a paper on 'The Mysteries of Life and Mind.

Dr. Loeb's Researches and Discoveries.' At a meeting of physiologists in Chicago at the beginning of this year three papers of remarkable importance were read. Two of them were by Dr. Jacques Loeb, Professor of Physiology in the University of Chicago. They dealt with the means by which life might be prolonged, and with the likelihood that vitality and electricity are identical. The third paper was by Dr Mathews, a junior colleague of Prof. Loeb, and dealt with the constitution of the nerves. Prof. Loeb says that he early came to the belief that the forces which rule in the animate world are the same as those that are at work in the inanimate world. In his interview with Mr. Snyder he said, "I wanted to take life in my hands and *play* with it." It is to be hoped that the italicised word is somewhat exaggerated; life is hardly a thing to play with. The first thing Dr. Loeb sought to show was that when a bird dashes itself against the glass of the lighthouse lamp, and when a flower turns towards the light, the same force is at work. Light sets up certain chemical reactions in both animal and plant which cause them both to move: such is Dr. Loeb's hypothesis. The question at once arises 'Is there anything of the nature of consciousness in all this?' Dr. Loeb denies that there is: the instincts are emptied of all conscious content, and are ranged among mechanical or chemical reactions. This view has been developed in a book recently published by the investigator: but it can hardly stand all the strain that is put upon it. On the one hand, it is perfectly true that a mistake has been made by those who have ascribed to lower animal forms a process of mental activity, such as aim, choice, deliberation, similar to that which goes on in the most highly developed man. But on the other hand, to turn the lower forms into automata, for that is really what the view amounts to, is not to do full justice to activities, which, while they are to be found side by side with reflex actions, are nevertheless of an even intelligent character. Examples of this kind are given by Mr. Hobhouse in his *Mind in Evolution*. His theory is that intelligence arises in instinct. But consciousness is not such a development as is intelligence, and in some form or other it seems to be the accompaniment of all actions. The whole question of sub-consciousness falls to be discussed here, but the subject is too wide. Dr. Mathews' observations on nerve action have led him to the conclusion that a stimulus is transmitted along a nerve when the nerve has a jelly-like consistency, but that the thinner this jelly becomes the more difficult becomes the transmission. Thus stimulation is not experienced while a person is under the influence of chloroform, for the action of that drug is to make a solution thinner.

Mr. Lilly takes as the text of his sermon the heading on the newspaper bills—"Collapse of England"—which in reality referred to the defeat of the English eleven by the Australians. He thinks the collapse may be nearer than we imagine. We have not got the ships, he thinks, neither have we got the men. And as to the money where is it to come from in time of war? Mr. Lilly says that it is quite conceivable that our foodstuffs, half of which come from America, might, during a war time, go up in price threefold. And Mr. J. Hall, himself a working man, and secretary of an organisation which includes a quarter of a million of workmen, states that if the cost of necessaries were to be trebled the English workman could not stand it, and would stop at nothing, even the extinction of Great Britain as a dominant power in the world, in order to get things put right. "We talk of responsible ministers," says Mr. Lilly. "But ministerial responsibility is a fiction. Our ministers are practically irresponsible: mere mouthpieces of permanent officials, and organs of party, greed for place and power and pelf." This is strong speaking, a little too strong. But men like Mr. Lilly do not speak for speaking's sake: they can hardly regard themselves as irresponsible writers. 'There's aye some water where the stirkie droons.'

In one article—*the Genius of China*, Prince Hesper Ukhtomski states in a commonplace way the ordinary commonplaces about China and the Chinese; but grows grandiloquent

in describing what he conceives to be the mission and fitness of Russia to subjugate and reduce to order the chaotic East by the active faith which, he says is incarnated in the Russian people and by the secret powers of Emotional sympathy and the irresistible necessity under which they lie, of finding in every intelligent creature of whatever faith and of whatever race a lesser comrade and brother with equal rights before God and the Czar—lesser is good. In another article—*The Russian Awakening*, Felix Volkhoosky describes how the movement for social and political enfranchisement is growing among all classes in Russia and gives a detailed account of the way in which the Russian Government is showing its active faith and emotional sympathy with those who claim equal rights before God and the Czar by assaulting, flogging and shooting them.

The *Monthly Review*, started two years ago by John Murray, has evidently come to stay. No monthly is better got up or appeals to more various tastes. In the last two issues there is not a poor article; and the names of J. Horace Round, Henry Newbolt, Emily Lawless, Arthur Symons, Thomas Hardy—attached to papers to which we do not refer—indicate sufficiently the high quality of the matter provided. Mr. Basil Worsfold gives 'The True Story of Spion Kop,' written with the object of rebutting the criticisms passed by Lord Roberts on Sir Charles Warren, and the charges made by General Buller against him that by his slowness and disregard of Buller's instructions he spoilt the chances of success. The writer by the help of useful maps, certainly appears to lessen the force of these particular criticisms and charges but creates the impression that Sir Charles Warren—whether by his own fault or Buller's or somebody else's muddled along without knowing what he intended or was intended to do. Mr. J. B. C. Kershaw argues in favour of an Imperial Zollverein. He shows by statistics that the British Empire could stand alone as regards manufactures now and would probably be able soon to do so as regards foodstuffs. His main reason for advocating the scheme is that it would enable the Empire to treat with other nations on a basis of reciprocity. But the most interesting and useful article is a short one by the editor, called Profit and Loss on the Atlantic Deal, on the Morgan Shipping Combine. Its main points are that such an attempt on the part of America to recover a share of the North Atlantic trade was inevitable. The British 'practical monopoly' of the North American trade was mainly the result of the alertness with which Great Britain took advantage of the Civil War in America. 'The wonder is that it has endured so long.' Most of the trade was American in origin; 'it was inevitable therefore that the moment she had the power America should demand her share. Trusts have given her the power. A colossal combination of capitalists controls the main trunk lines that bring all this business to the sea. It is within their power to create a fleet of their own, and, by judicious use of their railway control, to starve competing vessels. With this hammer behind their back, they came to the British shipowners and offered them partnership. True it was a partnership of the Lion and the Lamb, which can have no finality till the Lamb is inside the Lion. But there was really no choice.' For the American combination could be met only in two ways. Either the British shipowners must combine, which their independence and traditions of individual enterprise prevent them from doing. Or the state must come to their help. But while other nations freely support their merchants with state help, the United Kingdom now rejects any such policy. Mr. Newbolt quotes Mr. Baljour's words in the first debate on the subject. 'It will be the duty of the Government to see that, whatever injury may be done to other interests, at all events the efficiency of the navy will not be interfered with.'

The British monopoly of the North Atlantic carrying trade therefore is changing into a partnership with America, in which America will secure the greater part of the profits. Against this are there any advantages to be set to Britain's account? Yes —two important ones. In the first place since ships cannot be built in America as cheaply as in the United

Kingdom, a great impetus will probably be given to English shipbuilding. In the second place Britain's most vulnerable point comes under the joint protection of Britain and America. It will hereafter be impossible for a European enemy to employ cruisers against our food-supply without bringing America into the conflict. 'It is true we are losing a small part of our offensive force, but in parting with it we are committing America to something like a defensive alliance. It is impossible yet to see clearly the end of this pregnant beginning.'

Mr. Newbolt concludes by pointing out that it is in regard to the trade of the North Atlantic alone that the preponderance of American business and America's position compel British ship-owners to enter into a partnership. On every other sea 'the cards are all in our own hand.' The combine warns us that in these seas also an attempt may be made to wrest our commercial supremacy from us. He urges the Empire to frustrate such attempts by a navigation arrangement with the Colonies by which the whole shipping of the Empire would be formed into one great combine in which competition would be forbidden by law, and with which the state would enter into partnership. This scheme we regard as impossible in the form here outlined, but since the article was written two distinct movements have begun which will greatly affect the commerce of the Empire and the World. British ship-owners have begun to combine, and the Government is evidently contemplating plans which involve a departure from the position of indifference to private trade interests which Mr. Balfour's speech expressed.

PRINTED AT THE M. E. PUBLISHING HOUSE, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS, 1902.